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Broadway Magazine

MANHATTAN'S FOOD DETEC

IN THIS NUMBER

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Portrait study by the Campbell Art Studio.

MELANCHOLY.

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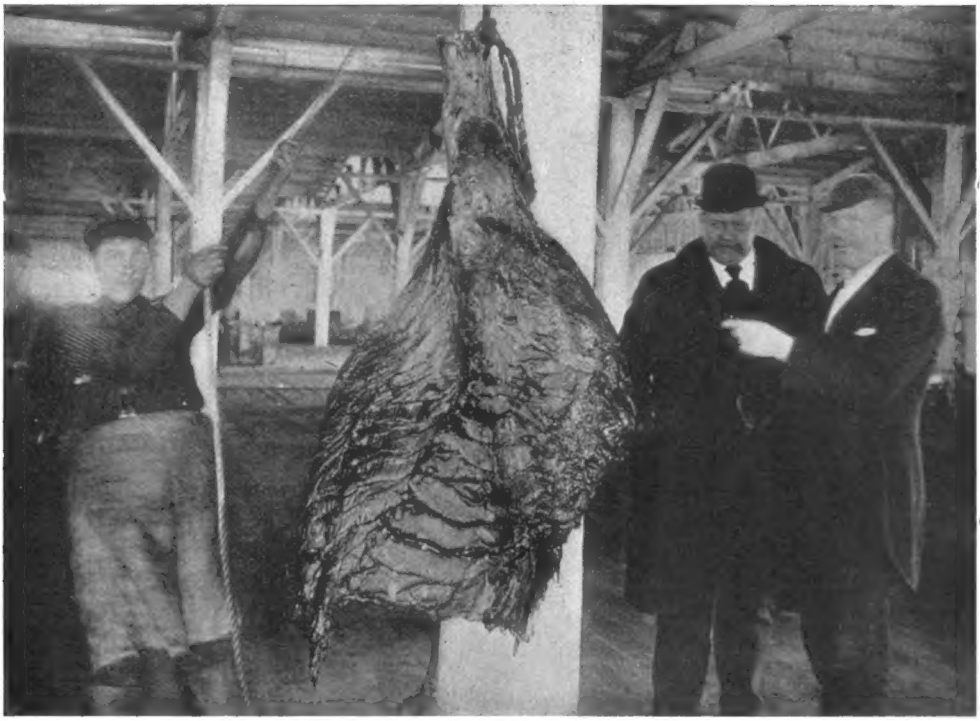

HORSE MEAT FOUND ON BARREN ISLAND.

MANHATTAN'S FOOD DETECTIVES

Nina Carter Marbourg

Illustrated with photographs taken by the author.

IN New York City, over four millions of people must be fed daily. That the food consumed be uncontaminated by disease-breeding germs is necessary for the welfare of the community, and, in order to enable the purchaser to obtain "pure food" a force of eighty skilled men is constantly inspecting retail and wholesale shops.

Milk, meat, bread and vegetables are all inspected by the minions of the Board of Health, and more cases of contaminated and adulterated food are found than the average person would believe possible.

Of all the foods or liquids, perhaps more real danger lurks in the milk that is every day brought to the house than in any other article. There is quite a history connected with this inoffensive appearing quart bottle of milk, and during the winter thirty private inspectors are on its trail; in summer the number is increased to forty. The milk must pass through fifteen different pairs of hands

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CHEMICAL LABORATORY IN THE BOARD OF HEALTH OFFICE.

before it reaches the table. All milk sold in New York is from twenty-four to thirty-six hours old, some of it coming from Messina Springs, a dairy place way up near the Canadian border, 400 miles away.

The first time milk passes human hands, is upon the farm, where it streams into the shining pail; from the milkman's hands it is given to a "farm runner," who conveys it to the dairy house; there it is received by the dairy man, who turns it over to the two men at the strainers. When it has been strained, another man fills the large cans; these are given to a driver and taken to the depot; here they are received by a man on the milk train, and rest until they reach the city, where they are rolled out by another man and taken on a truck to the big wholesale milk market.

It is here that the inspector on the city force first begins his work. He carries a lactometer and thermometer; these determine the amount of fat in and the temperature of the milk. No milk can be brought into this city unless it meets three stated requirements—it must be sweet, it must not be below fifty degrees in temperature, and it must contain at least three per cent. of fat. At this market the milk is distributed to the retailers, and at the hands of the driver reaches the shop; here it is placed in the refrigerator, and eventually some one comes along and for the munificent sum of four cents buys a quart of milk that has traveled perhaps four hundred miles, and passed through fifteen pairs of hands.

There are three classes of inspectors at work on the milk problem. First of all are the four men who travel through the country. It is the duty of these men to visit every dairy farm from which the New York milk supply is drawn. It has taken no small amount of time to secure a complete list of these farms. A list of railroads carrying milk is obtained, and then from these roads the names of the towns in the vicinity of which dairy

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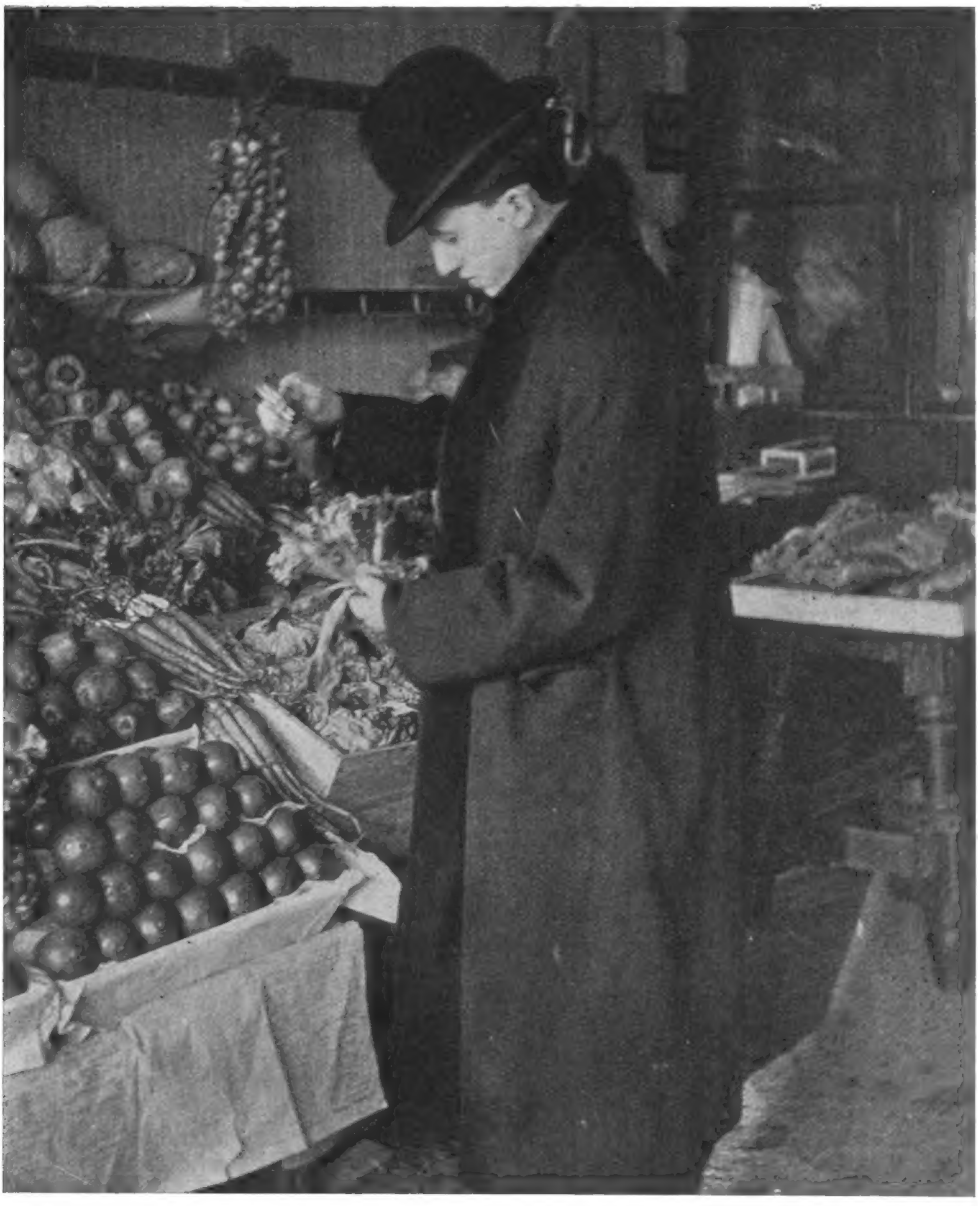

INSPECTOR ATOMIZING A HEAD OF BLEACHED LETTUCE.

farms are located; a direct route is made out and the inspector must visit each farm at least once a month.

These visits must not occur at any stated times, for the inspector must view conditions in all the confusion of real work, and although it is difficult to "slick up" a dairy house in an hour or two, still some of the farmers are particularly capable in presenting the best side of a poorly conducted dairy.

This inspector must understand the examination of cattle. If he finds a tubercular cow among the herd, the milk from this farm is not permitted to enter the city until the cow has been killed. The farm-

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er's license may be revoked, as the jurisdiction of the Board of Health does not extend to another State. If the inspector finds that the animals are fed either on distillery waste or garbage the milk is stopped at the New York wholesale house. If the drainage of the dairy house is in an unsanitary condition, or the water supply at all stinted, a report is made and milk barred from the New York market until conditions are set right. A short supply of water would mean unclean cans. Every can is washed three times before it is refilled. Once, before it is returned to the dairy from New York. This is but a rough washing; on the farm it is scalded with a solution of lye, then with soda and water; as a result every can is thoroughly clean.

There is a ferry boat running between New York and Jersey, called the "Milky Way." This boat carries milk from the receiving station. One of the most unique raids ever made occurs when the milk inspectors descend upon this boat. This occurs early in the morning, long before the city is astir.

The tops of all cans are wired down before leaving the dairy farm; on the boat they should still be sealed, and when the raiders descend with their milk testers the milk should be in almost perfect condition. Off come the tops of the cans, and in go the testers. If the milk does not come up to the test, or if covers are loose and the milk has been adulterated, it is promptly emptied into the river, and indeed there is a milky way in the ferry's wake. A few lessons of this kind are severe enough to prompt a right and fair dealing on the part of the dairy man. Fairness, in this case, even though it is obtained by force, is quite as acceptable as that prompted by a true mind.

Over on the East Side there are many milk raids. Some people will not learn even by experience, and are continually trying their best to defraud their customers. A milk raid on a certain district is planned in this way: An inspector buys a pint of milk from several different dealers and takes it to the chemists at the Board of Health office for analysis. When it is found to be adulterated, a check is placed against the storekeeper's name. This is continued until several poorly conducted shops have been located, and then, one morning, the raid is made.

The big milk wagon from a wholesale depot drives up to the door; the shopkeeper comes out to receive the can, he pays the driver and then, quick as lightning, a milk inspector and an officer who have been concealed in some doorway appear, rip off the top of the can and empty the milk into the gutter. Surely a stranger might think himself in a veritable land of "milk and honey." An excited shopkeeper, a serious milk inspector and a grinning officer stand on the pavement and talk the matter over. The license of this shopkeeper has been revoked, and he must show reason for the milk's adulteration before he can again obtain a right to sell. The inspector then follows the wagon up and when it stops at the shops on his list he proceeds to repeat his action.

If an anæmic boy or sick man or woman is found selling milk the license is revoked. This is absolutely necessary to guard against infection of the liquid. It is not uncommon to find cans setting, uncovered, in one of the living rooms back of an East Side shop, and the members of the family dipping into them with cups, from which they have just drunk. Even a layman can comprehend that this treatment of milk on sale to purchasers is not only disgusting but absolutely dangerous.

One man had the assurance to tell an inspector that the reason his milk was one-third water, was, because a "pipe in the refrigerator leaked." In this case the license was revoked for a term of four months and a fine imposed.

The chemical laboratory of the Health Department is equipped to analyze all suspected milk. Any one suspecting his milk dealer of using preservatives or otherwise adulterating his milk need only present the matter to the Health Department. A sample is obtained and analyzed, and if found impure the dealer is arrested. In analyzing milk the city chemist uses all necessary modern appliances. In addition to the thermometer for ascertaining temperature and the lactometer for the fats there is "the centri-

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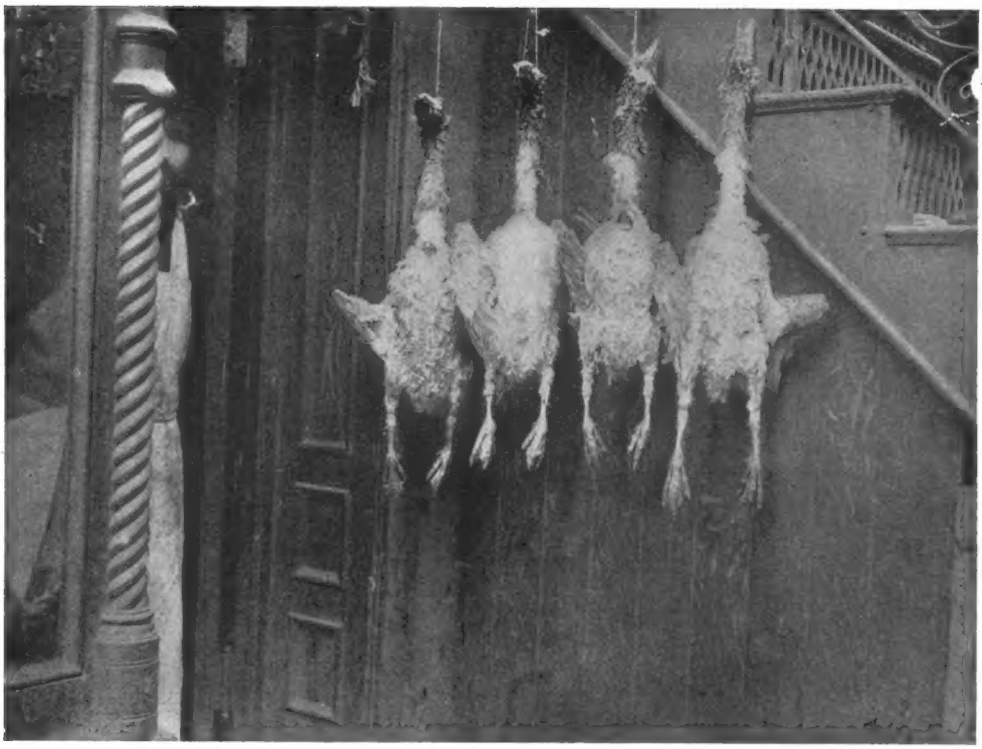

"BLOWN GEESE" FOUND ON THE EAST SIDE.

fuge," or separator, a swift revolving machine on which has been placed milk mixed with sulphuric acid in Babcock bottles, so adjusted that the rapid whirling speedily brings the fat to the top. An Adams extraction machine, with the aid of ether, extracts the fat. Fat and flask are weighed, and the percentage of fat is determined, the balances used being sensitive to the 1/300,000 part of an ounce. The lead dishes used in weighing are dried in an air bath, so that not even a fractional bit of moisture may render this result inaccurate.

The inspector of butcher shops and meats has a route to cover that is not to be termed exactly agreeable. Over on Barren Island, at one time, they were slaughtering old and worn out work horses. These horses were bought for almost nothing, killed, dressed and the meat sent to the shops in the lower part of the city.

In France, people may eat and relish horse flesh, but Americans have not yet cultivated a taste, or overcome a repusion it causes them to feel. However, horse flesh was being sold, and it was some time before the authorities discovered the fact. When they did, many small dealers were brought up in court to answer for their conduct.

The inspector who discovered the trade in horse flesh was making the rounds down town. In looking over a scrap box full of old bones, he found one with which he was not familiar; asking the shop-keeper what kind of a beef that belonged to, the reply was: "That? Why, that's a Jersey steer's bone."

Now, the inspector was certain that, even if it was a Jersey steer's bone, it could not possibly be that shape, so he lugged the bone up to the Board of Health office, it was examined by a professor and found to belong to some dead and gone "Dobbin."

An investigation was immediately be-

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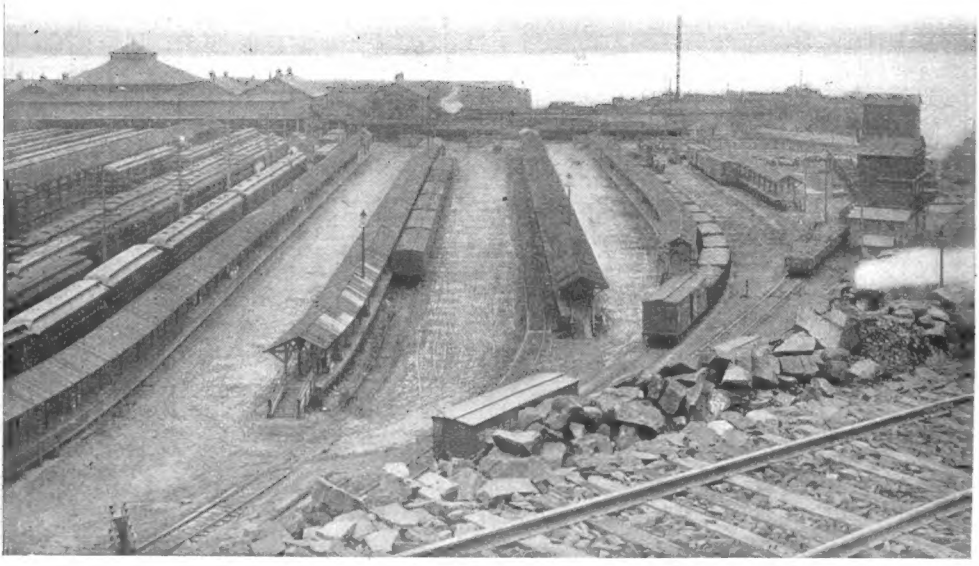

WEEHAWKEN, N. J., OPPOSITE NEW YORK CITY. LARGEST MILK RECEIVING STATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

gun, resulting in the discovery that unscrupulous people were slaughtering horses. These people were sentenced to a long term in the work house.

For tricks that are dark, and ways that are vain, the heathen Chinee may have much credit, but it is hardly to be believed that he would contrive to blow his goose full of air and sell it for a nice fat bird. This is what happens away down town, where many families live in one room. This is one of those things meat inspectors are on the alert to find.

"Blown poultry" hangs outside a shop almost all the time, but little by little the officials are breaking these people of this disgusting habit. A very scrawny goose is taken by the neck, the butcher fits his lips to a slit in its throat and proceeds to fill it with air, then a cord is tied tight about the neck and a plump, fat goose hangs outside the door. An inspector walking by sees the nice, fat goose, out comes his little knife, sizz, it rips into the flesh, and the air whizzes out. Result? Mr. Goose is as flat as a pancake!

This practice is particularly dangerous inasmuch as the air from the lungs, filling the skin of the goose will contaminate it, and this has accounted to a large extent for the spread of tubercular trouble on the East Side. All meat exposed to the open air is marked by the inspector. The name of the butcher is taken; if he does not refrain from this method of advertising his roasts and steaks he is arrested. He must pay a fine or work out the time on the Island.

In summer the greatest difficulties the officials have to combat is cleanliness and refrigeration. The supply of ice is as small as possible, for the Hebrew has an abhorrence of spending money for something he must see slowly melt away and which must be supplied anew each day.

A fruit inspector does not have quite the simple work one may think. He must also look after the vegetables that appear on the "green grocers'" stands.

The small fruit dealer usually lives down under the sidewalks. He also stores the fruit away in this large rat

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BOARD OF HEALTH INSPECTOR MAKING MILK TESTS ON A DISTRIBUTING WAGON.

hole, and, as may be imagined, the living place of a man, wife and two or three children, and the storage house for fruits and vegetables, cannot be very healthy, either for the family or the vegetables.

These places must be investigated by the inspector, and when the conditions are found to be absolutely dreadful, they do not wait for the slow grasp of justice to deal with them; the more mediocre, but just as effective, hand of the police tumbles the vegetables, fruit and family out of the place.

The fruit and vegetables may be kept up on the sidewalk and a cover made to protect them in winter, then the family may live below stairs, but not otherwise. This is about the only necessary investigation to make in fruit, save one in using artificial means of coloring berries and lettuce.

Some of the very tempting white lettuce we see is bleached in the dark cellars by means of a chemical known to the fruit men. When an inspector finds a particularly white lot of lettuce, he purchases a head of it, takes it to the office for examination, and if it is found to be bleached the dealer is summoned to court Of late, fruit inspectors have carried atomizers filled with a chemical that turns the bleach to a deep red.

A great deal of white lettuce is all right and natural; in fact, nowadays, little bleached salad is sold, for so rigid has been the discipline exercised by the inspectors that the fruit man finds it does not pay to tamper with his vegetables.

It hardly seems worth while to employ men to examine bread, but when one realizes that twenty men are working on this sort of business it may seem a bit of importance. Bakeries of a small sort are examined and the conditions must be sanitary. When the bread has reached the store it must be sweet, and must not be so filled with alum that there is very little nutriment in it.

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An expert bread inspector can tell instantly if there is too much alum in the bread, also a taste of a piece of crust will suffice to tell him whether or not the flour has been a little musty or the sponge soured.

The retailer and wholesaler are alike liable, for the man who will knowingly buy impure bread to vend to his customers is held, by the authorities, to be as guilty as the man who makes it.

Day in and day out the men on the Board of Health staff work at inspections of this sort. If it was not for them we would have a most dreadful condition of contaminated food. As it is, it has been ascertained by comparison of statistics that New York has the purest food of any of the very large cities, either foreign or of our Union, and when one considers that many millions of people are fed, he may partially realize what a stupendous undertaking it is to try to provide "pure food" for the multitude.

BALLAD OF O. JACKSON

By Grace G. Bostwick

O. Jackson was witty, which was really a pity, for such a bee-u-ti-ful chap;
He'd a penchant for sallies (not the ones in side alleys) with puns ever on tap.
He was honest and able, quite a curious label to post on a modern-day swell,
But when he tried to follow—this handsome Apollo—the erratic "Four Hundred," he fell.

The coy maidens raved o'er his charms while they craved to form an unbreakable trust,
And they "Ah'd" and they "Oh'd" when his puns he'd explode, as such sweet, sympathizing things must,
He sprang all his jokes on the innocent folks till they vowed he was utterly utter,
And he had but to turn his deep gaze on to learn that he set all their hearts in a flutter.

There's a humorous old jade, known as Fate, who has made plans of men to seem like mere mud-pies;
If the dame takes a hand in the game, understand, you are up against some queer surprise,
She chuckled with glee when O. Jackson she'd see trek along his remarkable way,
For she knew that his heart was untouched by a dart in the whole of his worldly-wise play.

So one day she brought him—Ah, how many had sought him!—a wonderful pair of blue eyes;
They were childlike and fearless, with a smile sweet and peerless, and a depth most delightfully wise.
O. Jackson debated the while he was rated as "A 1 Number One, mine to lead,"
And his bold spirits faltered; the blue eyes had altered his horizon as Fate had decreed.

She was not quite so simple as seemed when a dimple in her pink cheek decided to stray,
And she hooked and she landed, before the poor, candid O. Jackson knew which card to play.
(If this seems rather mixed, pray, remember 'tis fixed by that frolicsome jade, old Dame Fate,
And you know all too well 'tis her way not to tell how things go till the day's pretty late.)

They were wed, sad to say, for O. Jackson that day found that punning was banned by her set,
And when he essayed a smart *bon mot,* 'twas laid on the shelf and with cold looks 'twas met.
O. Jackson was beat, for he couldn't retreat when his papa-in-law held the purse,
So he sighed and he pined till his bright face grew lined with the sorrow of life's sad reverse.

He who runs here may read, but 'tis wiser to walk; more time will he have for reflection
On the star-like career ('twas a falling star) of O. Jackson, destroyed by subjection.
When you want to be someone and do things yourself (put "do things" in capitals, pray),
Why, look out for Fate, the merciless jade, with her black eyes and blue eyes and gray.

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SEEING THE INFERNAL CITY WITH DANTE

By Helena Smith Dayton

Original Drawings by Angie Breakspear

"ALL aboard the automobile for the trip through the Infernal City with Modern Improvements!" called Dante through a megaphone, as a personally conducted party of tourists alighted on the Shore of Darkness. "This sight-seeing jaunt takes in the various points of interest along the blazed trail I made as a pioneer many years ago. Asbestos motor togs loaned for the trip! I would suggest that valuables be left with the official in the red uniform," he added, confidentially.

The collection that mounted the curiosity van was composed of the usual nondescript types from the globe trotter keen for the sensational, to the timid voyager out for as much breadth and worldly experience as a certified number of dollars might purchase. The usual tactics were employed to get stout and timid ladies aboard, but at last Dante gave the signal for the start to the woman chauffeur, none other than Beatrice herself, and the great motor car moved majestically down the broad thoroughfare.

Dante struck a pose with the megaphone and his deep voice awoke the echoes.

"Those familiar with my early explorations in these regions will be astounded at the changes that have taken place. The spirit of progress has been at work and the barbaric and crude fire policy for everyone, regardless of his crime, is now obsolete. Fine distinctions now enter into the awarding of punishment—each to his own deserts. No more job lot torment, but the real tailor-made article to fit each comer.

"The imposing building on your left is our new city hall, and the monument on the right is to the memory of those who fell during the great war so vividly described in Milton's 'Paradise Lost.' We now approach the Museum of Fine Arts——"

"Won't you please stop a moment so I can get some postal cards of the town house and monument?" interrupted a woman with a shopping bag.

"Sorry, madam," said Dante, politely, "but in this place those who hesitate are lost. You can get some at our first stopping place, however. As I was about to say, this building was erected by an appropriation of several million of dollars. I would call your attention to this unusually smooth road—all paved with good intentions to which you have each contributed generously."

"Just look at all those doors and keyholes!" exclaimed a pretty young creature, "And look at the poor man trying to open one—for all the world like papa!"

"That," said Dante, "is a clubman who is destined to fit one key to billions of keyholes for all eternity, yet never finding the right combination. Doomed to be a homeless wanderer always fitting, fitting, fitting the fatal key. A sad sight, truly."

But several ladies in the party seemed to enjoy this unhappy spectacle, not one ray of pity softening the cold glitter of satisfaction on their grim faces.

As they sped through the streets of the Infernal City many objects appealed to the pity of the tourists. A terrible old woman, for instance, ran toward the vehicle with wild gesticulations, as if she had something of importance to relate.

"Don't notice her," cautioned Dante, for the passengers were determined that the car be stopped. "It's merely a gossip who is paying the penalty of her fault. Though she hears every item of scandal in the universe, yet she has lost the power of speech—an ironical punishment, truly."

"Couldn't she write what she wants to tell us?" eagerly demanded a feminine

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"'THERE GOES THE DEVIL ON HORSEBACK!' SOMEBODY SHOUTED."

passenger. "Oh, please, Mr. Dante, let us try to understand the poor soul!"

Dante's eyes twinkled as he glanced at the eager woman.

"You really wouldn't want to hear anything she might have to say," he said, politely.

"I want to ask her if she knows anything about that light-haired woman that's just moved into our street——" began the curious one, but stopped in confusion, and for the rest of the trip wore a thoughtful expression.

The car now drew up before a large building through whose transparent walls men and women could be seen pounding away at typewriters, utter despair on their inspired faces. Around them were mountains of manuscript, while coming and going was an incessant stream of gray-uniformed postmen, bringing loads

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MISS TEMPTATION WAS THE ONLY CELEBRITY THEY DIDN'T SEE. SHE WAS AT HEADQUARTERS WORKING OVERTIME FINDING DIVERSION FOR IDLE HANDS.

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of brown envelopes, bulky with rejected contributions.

"The Authors' Hades," explained Dante. "They are writing only masterpieces which are destined never to be read, for it is their punishment to be postage-stampless. It is a paradox that while nothing is ever sent out, at every moment in the day the postman brings back rejections. You will observe the crushed and hopeless look on every countenance."

"I should like to see where they keep the editors," said a sweet, young graduate, who sent "pieces" tied with blue and pink ribbons to the magazines.

"Oh, there aren't any down here—all upstairs. They get trouble enough before they are ready to come here," answered Dante. "Now we see before us the Artists' Colony. Here is torture brought to a fine edge. Observe the rows of houses, so near alike it would be necessary to count so many from the corner to locate one's own domicile. How at variance to the artistic temperament is this monotony besides the awful bore of living in a regular house instead of a nice roomy garret! The poor artists are obliged to eat three square meals a day, to work regular hours, to observe every minute convention. Sloppy clothes, slouch hats, flowing neckties are tabooed, while the men have to wear their hair shaved close to their heads. Yes, it is very terrible!"

The honk, honk of the automobile horn at times almost drowned out the famous Italian's voice, for Beatrice was obliged to give frequent warning of their approach to clear the road of bands of little imps who played directly in the motor path.

"We are now in the fashionable suburbs," said the megaphone man. "This vast tract is being rapidly built up to accommodate our increasing population. It is expected by another year that the trolley will be extended out here."

"What dreadful forest fires are raging off there," said a man in the lumber business. "Can't they be checked?"

"No. Unfortunately most of this country is going to blazes," was Dante's sententious reply.

"Who lives in all these pretty houses?" asked someone. "It seems like an isolated place to build!"

"Oh, we have our land booms even here. This place was called Hyacinth Terrace and the lots sold like hot cakes. The house with the red awnings is occupied by a lady whose chief characteristic was her vanity and fondness for clothes. She is now obliged to spend all her time trying on new creations, and though she has thousands of gorgeous gowns, appropriate for every occasion, it is her doom never to receive an invitation. All social life is denied her—even a call over the telephone is beyond her reach. Whenever she ventures beyond her own door, her elaborate toilette is instantly changed to a dowdy rig ten years behind the prevailing fashions. Her bitterness is completed by being seen by all her enemies, who stare at her through jeweled lorgnettes.

"Next house lives a jealous wife who in her lifetime was both cruel and unjust. All through eternity she must stand at the telephone and listen to her husband talk to the blonde stenographer. She hears all her darkest suspicions verified, though, as a matter of fact, the poor man is now in the happy realms enjoying his long-deserved peace.

"What is in all those packages?" asked the pretty girl of the party, in an excited flutter. "They look awfully interesting."

Several large electric express wagons were unloading frivolous-looking packages before the door of a large building that looked like a warehouse.

"A miser lives there," smiled Dante, grimly. "He is obliged to spend millions every day for French lingerie, bonbons, violets, Easter hats and other frou frous. And every penny he spends is wrung from him like tears of misery. These purchases he has to give to his wife and his wife's folks.

"Yonder factory is where our sulphur matches are made. We employ only matchmakers in this work."

And now they drew up before a smart little café where luncheon awaited them. Everything was delicious and served piping hot—indeed the only fault with the repast was the scorched tongues that

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DOOMED TO AN ETERNAL HOLD-OVER AND A LATCH-KEY.

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resulted. One woman asked for some iced cucumbers, while another wanted some Neopolitan ice cream, but were informed that this was an English restaurant and cold or iced articles of food were not countenanced. Electric fans to keep away the swarms of fireflies almost drowned out the soft, sobbing notes of the Italian orchestra. The national color, red, was everywhere employed in the decorations. The luncheon over, the sightseers resumed their journey.

"We are going to the famous kennels where Cerberus and the original bloodhounds in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' are kept, beside many other ferocious canines. In fact, we might say we are all going to the dogs." Dante couldn't resist having his little joke. Indeed, during the long ride he had become immensely popular with the passengers, though several of the ladies at first didn't know whether to accept him as a celebrity or merely as the Man with the Megaphone.

As they approached the isolated kennels a deafening yelping reached their ears. A shudder of fear ran over the tourists. And indeed it was a remarkable sight that met their eyes. Every type of tramp and hobo was represented among the keepers of the kennels. Wild-eyed horror sat upon their faces, yet they worked with every art and energy to divert and charm the huge beasts that surrounded them on all sides.

"Nice doggie, nice old Tige," cooed a Weary Willie, as he gingerly approached Cerberus, a snarling savage, with a cake of flea soap. "Good Bow Wow, clever old boy. Yes, he shall have some nice beefsteak!" And every instant he was obliged to edge away from two rows of glittering teeth that were not apt to wait for the beefsteak. Beads of cold perspiration stood out on the brows of the workers. Splitting wood was the only recreation allowed these unfortunates.

There was no inclination to linger amid these scenes of pathos, so the trippers went on with relief to the great open air gymnasium where lessons were given in physical torture. It was rather amusing to watch the droll antics that were performed. One young man was sowing wild oats with a devil's darning needle; another was sharpening his skates so to be all ready when the place froze over.

While in this vast open space threatening clouds gathered and Dante, who was weather-wise, hastily called together his charges and instructed Beatrice to start back on the high gear. And it was well he took this precaution, for just as they left the fateful shore it began to rain pitchforks.

NOW

By Mary Stempel

Could you but closer get to Being's Heart,
The great illusion we've named time, would cease,
And we, poor time-harasséd ones would find
Eternal Peace.
To-day is all that is, oh, men,—
The Then, the When.
So take joy in things of to-day,—
Caress the flowers you meet on your way,
Smile at the sunbeams,—do not hurry by
The Beauty that for you is manifest
On every hand. For, as you pause to joy,
Pause to caress and smile,
You're worshipping your God the while.

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OLD CUSTOM-HOUSE AND VICINITY. TRINITY CHURCH IN THE DISTANCE. 1825.

THE BIRTH AND YOUTH OF WALL STREET

By Henry Waldorf Francis

Illustrated with old and rare woodcuts.

WHERE every week day the year through, the Bulls and Bears rend and tear each other and the Lambs are sheared and slaughtered, the innocent, mild-eyed sheep once browsed and fed. Think of it—ye gods and little fishes!—Wall Street a Sheep Pasture! Yet such it was in its early days, and maybe that is the whyfore the Lambs feel themselves drawn thitherward!

The wise Dutch West India Company which purchased Manhattan Island from the untutored natives liberally granted lands to settlers for farming purposes above Wall Street, but reserved the lower portion of the Island for their city proper, only deeding lots to settlers who agreed to make improvements wherefrom the frugal, far-seeing Dutchmen derived much benefit. For twenty-five years after their advent the building sites were confined to a few lanes on the south point of the Island and along the East River in that vicinity; and during this period the ungranted land below Wall Street, which in its natural condition was partly rolling upland and partly meadow swamp, was laid in common. It was called in the Dutch "T'schaape," which being translated means "Sheep Pasture." In area it was about fifteen acres, being bounded by the present streets of New on the west, Beaver from New to William on the south, William from Beaver to Wall on the east, and Wall from William to New on the north.

For some years all this land remained a public common used for pasturage purposes, but the progress of the town finally necessitated its being appropriated for improvements. The meadow land along the line of Broad Street became occupied by tanneries and the remainder was soon after granted in large

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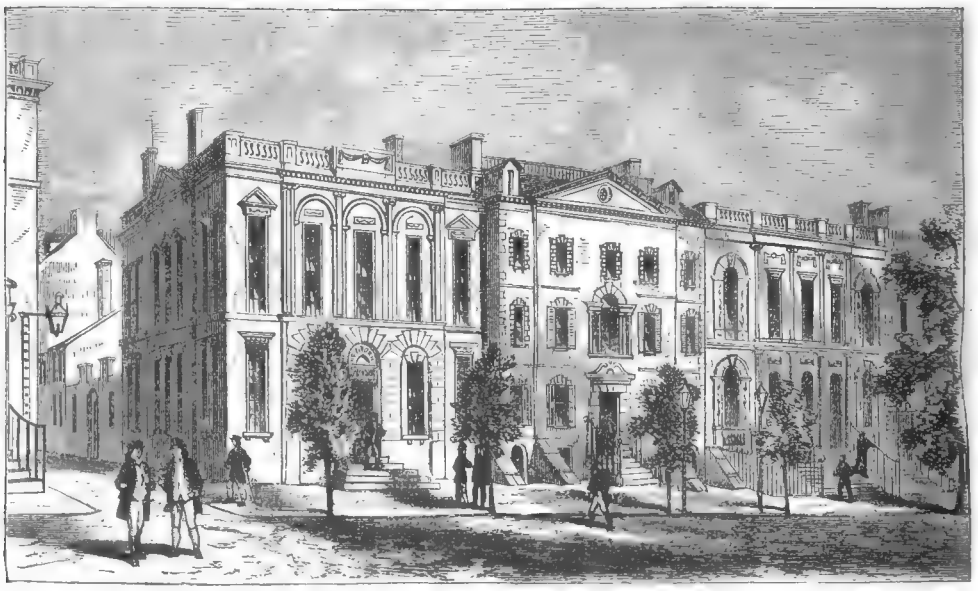

NORTH SIDE OF WALL STREET, EAST OF WILLIAM STREET. TAKEN A FEW YEARS SUBSEQUENT TO THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

parcels, apparently for speculative purposes, to persons of "inflooence" with the powers of State that were. It will be very shocking to the truly virtuous who are forever lamenting "the good old days" to learn that "inflooence" got in its fine work as well then as it does now, and that the ruling powers were as wide awake to the opportunities which official position afforded as any political grafter of to-day. Thus are our idols being constantly shattered; but therefrom we may learn that we are no worse than our ancestors and even better because we kick at such goings on now!

Without entering into details it may be stated that a great part of the northerly portion of the public common was granted to the officiating clergyman of the Dutch Church, Domine Drissius by name, a wise old chap who believed in laying treasures up on earth as well as in Heaven. His grant was bounded by the farm fence of the Damen estate, which ran parallel with and a few feet north of Wall Street, extending from New to William Street. It was described as "in the place called the Schaape Waytie" (sheep pasture) "to south of the land of Jan Jansen Damen, as granted by Governor Stuyvesant in 1653." The line of the Damen farm ran parallel with the northerly line of Wall Street from Broadway to William, and the farm extended as far up as Maiden Lane and Pearl Street. (The reader of course understands that for convenience the present names of streets are being used.)

West of New Street the original grantee of the land through which Wall Street runs was Cornelius Groosens. Cornelius was one of the very early settlers who was removed from his sphere of usefulness by the unappreciative Indians in 1655. Any one who is familiar with the racket and whooping which characterize Wall Street will find no difficulty in believing Indians once roamed there. There are a lot of wild Indians to be found there now!

But Wall Street was not destined to remain a sheep pasture, and it soon commenced to rise in the world and become a public thoroughfare. The Dutch and their New England neighbors came into frequent altercation owing to the latter's encroachments upon the preserves of the

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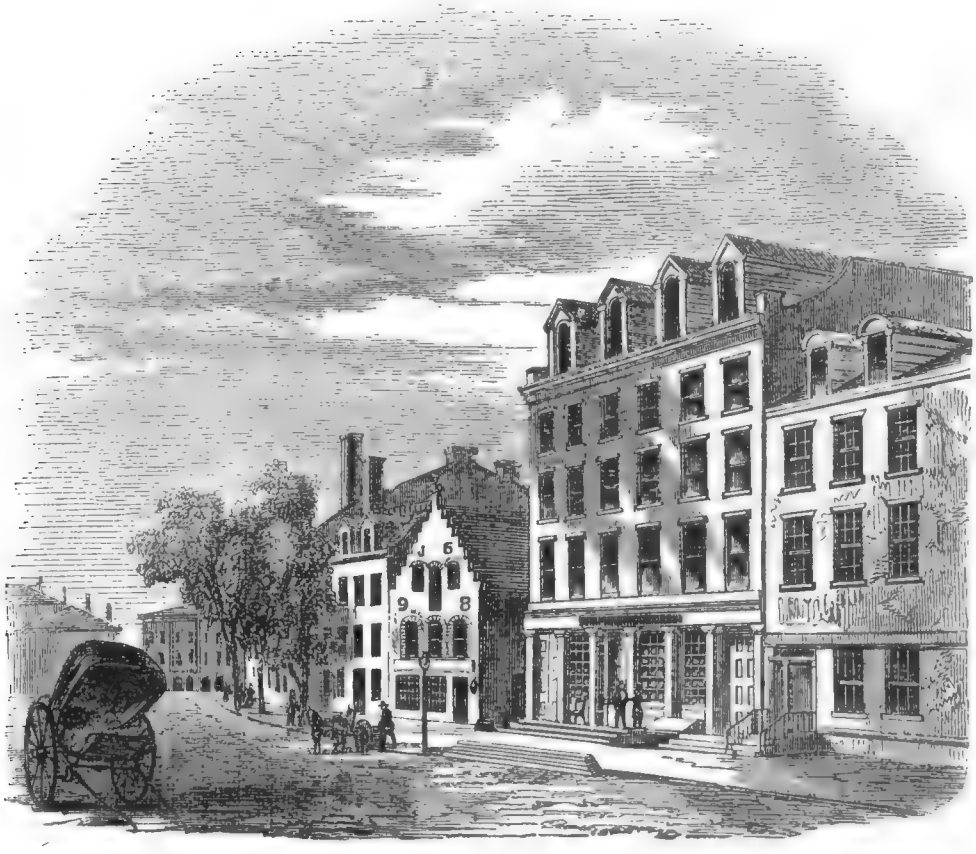

CORNER OF EXCHANGE PLACE AND BROAD STREET, 1825.

former. Good old Governor Stuyvesant argued himself hoarse over the rights and wrongs of it, but the greedy New Englanders were not to be convinced by arguments, and having become stronger in numbers they proceeded on the old Robin Hood principle of "let him take who has the power and let him keep who can," helping themselves to such territory as they thought their progress required and finally threatening to end the dispute by attacking the Capital of the Dutch province!

Of course the Dutch began to prepare defenses. They built palisades and in 1656 resolved "to erect a large and suitable gate at the wall near the East River." This structure crossed Pearl Street at its junction with Wall, and was called "T'water Poort" (the Water Gate), to distinguish it from the "Land Gate," which was situated on Broadway at the head of the street. Thus Wall Street eventually got its name from these walls. The city wall not not, however, ever called into use, the New Englanders deciding to abandon their threatened invasion. Nevertheless, it was kept in repair for some years, and when in 1673 the brave Dutch Captain Colve recaptured the city from the English it was renewed and considerable additions made. In the records of the time are to be found such entries as this: "Jan Vinje, living on the Damen farm" (at the present junction of William and Pine Streets) "sues several of his neighbors for damages done by their schoolboys running in his fields and among his peas on their way to school in the city!" Even a Standard Oil magnate would hardly be able to use the land at

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VIEW OF THE NORTH SIDE OF WALL STREET, 1866.

William and Pine Streets to grow pease! But to resume.

It was not long after the construction of the palisades before buildings began to appear along the southern line of the street. They were few and humble in character and for the most part were tap-rooms and beer shops. The saloon is bound to get in early. As another consequence of the building of the wall the Damen farm was divided into parcels and offered at public sale—the first public sale of land of any magnitude in New York. Then Wall Street began to be occupied, but—well, read a list of the improvements there were upon the street at the time of the surrender of the city to the English in 1664:

"Dirck, the woolspinner, a shanty; Jan Jansen Van Langendyck, a tap-room; Abram Kerner, a shanty; Grietze, the chimney sweep, a shanty; Barent Egbertson, a shanty; Jan Tunison, a tap-room; Jan Videt, a small building; Dirk Van Cliff, a small building; Pister Jansen, a shanty; Jan Jansen Moesman, a general store."

Now in the course of time it was decided to demolish the wall and the chances for gain were not to be overlooked by the "Bosses." They were not. Let us see how they availed themselves of the occasion in a way the boldness of which is even beyond the modern grafter. There was about 100 feet of space left between the ramparts and the building lots which ran parallel to them. That virtuous old soul, Governor Dongan, coolly appropriated about 40 feet within the ramparts to his own use, without as much as asking "by your leave" of anybody, simply deciding for himself that the width was entirely unnecessary for a street, and Captain Knight, one of his subordinates, to use an expressive modern slangism, "chiseled" the Damen heirs of their land to a depth of 80 feet from the ramparts, and —the next thing anybody knew it was the property of the Governor! This worthy gentleman sold the most part of it later on—in 1689—to Abraham De Peyster and Nicholas Bayard at a very handsome profit. Of course it was only a coincidence that the Governor should have previously ordered a survey of the line for a street which left Wall Street only 36 feet wide, and that after acquiring the property he discovered a number of improvements were necessary, includ-

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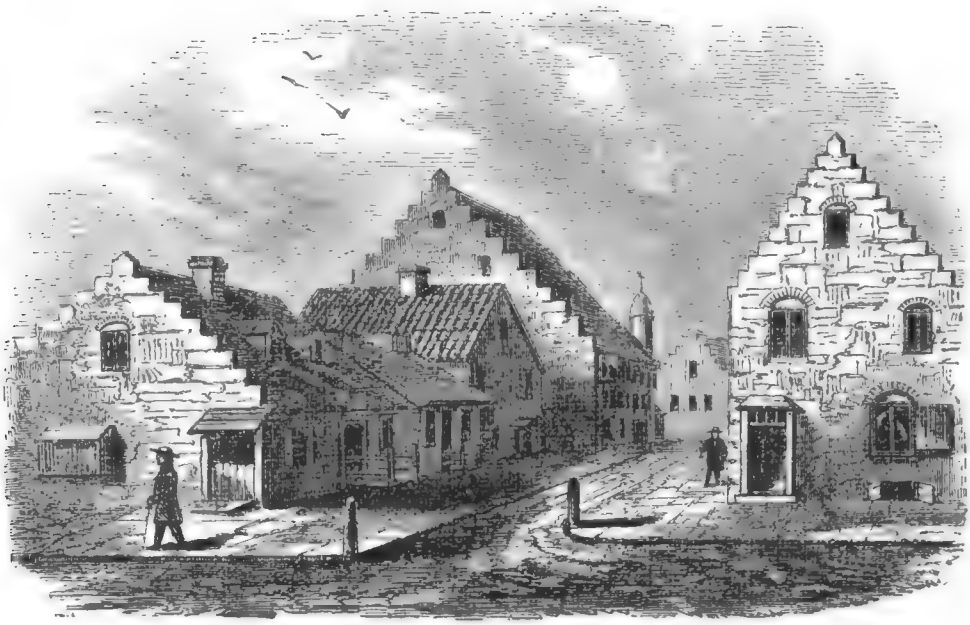

CORNER OF EXCHANGE PLACE AND BROAD STREET, 1690. (FIRST IMPROVEMENT OF THE OLD SHEEP PASTURE.)

ing the demolition of the wall and Water Gate as well as the gate at the head of the street on Broadway. If the term had been known in those days the Governor would surely have been recognized as a Napoleon of Bosses; but as far as appears his "grab" occasioned no comment.

Before the demolition of the wall the street had been commonly called "The Cingel," a name applied by the ancient Dutch to all cities which were surrounded by walls and which in English is "the ramparts." Thereafter it was Wall Street.

The character of Wall Street as the center of interest in the city became fixed when the City Hall was erected opposite Broad street, which led to all the leading men in mercantile and professional life flocking to the location. This building afterward became the Capitol of the United States, and of course Wall Street became famous the world over. Broad street did not extend beyond Wall Street, but a lane had been marked out which is now Nassau Street and was known as "the street that runs by the pie woman's." It was in 1670 that this City Hall was completed and it remained in use almost a century, alterations being made from time to time. It contained a dungeon in the rear for criminals while the garret was used as the debtor's prison, and in the public thoroughfare on the opposite side of the street was a cage, a pillory and stocks—the latter not being the kind that Wall Street deals in now, but the sort that some of the gentlemen who make it their hunting ground would adorn to the general satisfaction of us common people. After the revolutionary war it became the Capital of the Nation, and in 1789 was the first meeting place of Congress. George Washington then lived at No. 3 Cherry Street, and the Vice-President, John Adams, "on the Greenwich road." Finally the site was divided up into lots and sold in 1816 for an average of about $8,000 a lot. The present Treasury building, which was originally intended for a custom house, now occupies the land.

It was at the foot of Wall Street that, in 1709, the first slave market was established. Later it became a meal market, but was still recognized at the place "where slaves stood for hire." The

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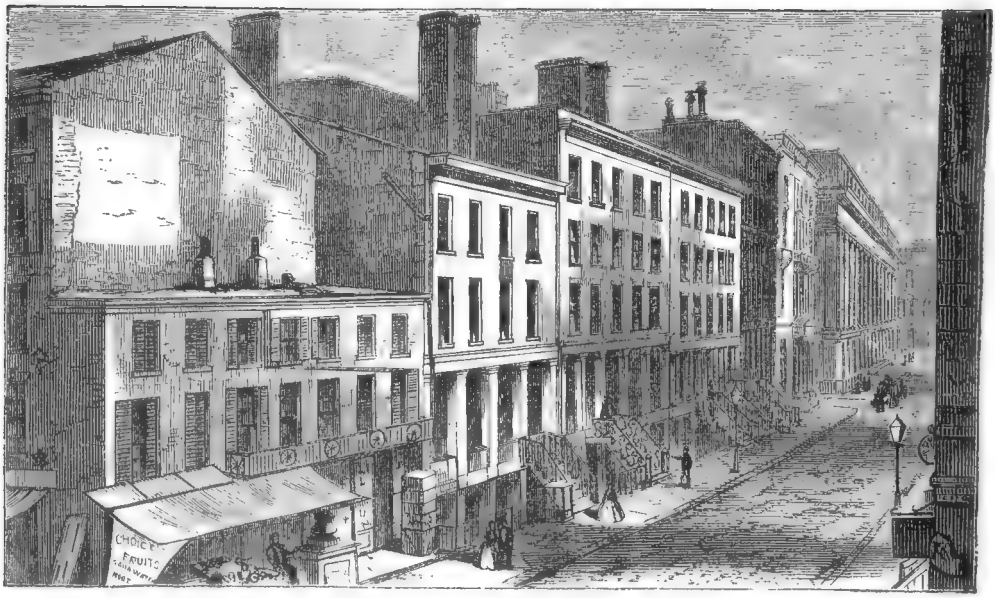

VIEW OF WALL STREET, SOUTH SIDE, LOOKING WEST FROM PEARL STREET, 1866.

building was removed in 1762 in compliance with a petition to the authorities which declared that it "greatly obstructed the agreeable prospect of the East River, which those that live in Wall Street would otherwise enjoy, and occasions a dirty street, offensive to the inhabitants on each side, and disagreeable to those that pass to and from the coffee house, a place of great resort."

The "coffee house" was, in fact, the Merchants' Exchange as well as the political headquarters of colonial times. It was located on the southeast corner of Wall and Water Streets and became known as "the Old Coffee House" when a new one was erected on the northwest corner by an association of merchants. This latter was called the "Tontine," being established on the Tontine principle of survivorship, and was considered a very fine specimen of architecture.

A notable feature of Wall Street just prior to the revolution should not be unnoticed. This was a statue of the famous English statesman, Pitt, which stood at the corner of William Street and bore this inscription:

"This statue of the Right Honorable William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, was erected as a public testimony of the grateful sense the colony of New York retains of the many eminent services he rendered America, particularly in promoting the repeal of the Stamp Act, A. D. MDCCLXX."

And this suggests that some present Wall Street magnate might reflect glory upon himself and credit upon the city by causing to be erected in its financial centre statues of some of the men who have made it famous and of the olden days. Mr. Pitt ought to be restored in marble form as he was seen in Wall Street in 1770.

Up to this period Wall Street contained fine residences, but gave no indication that it would become the abiding place of Mammon. It was not until after the revolutionary war that its financial history commenced with the establishment of the Bank of New York in 1791 at the corner of William Street. Eight years later the Manhattan Company located at No. 23, and in 1805 the Merchants' Bank opened its doors at No. 25, and the United States at No. 38. These, with the Mechanics' Bank, incorporated in 1810, were the pioneer banking institutions, and others rapidly followed.

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But before the banks came insurance companies, thirteen of them doing business in Wall Street in 1815.

The establishment of financial institutions naturally affected the architectural as well as business character of the street and soon gave it a distinctive character. At the commencement of the nineteenth century, however, it was still in an embryonic state and many private residences were sandwiched in between boarding houses, tradesmen, schools, banks and insurance offices. For many years, also, the Post Office was located there. It is interesting to compare the mail arrangements as they were in 1686 with those of to-day. The story of the Nation's growth cannot be told more graphically at a glance:

"Mail arrivals: From New England and Albany on Wednesdays and Saturdays at 7 P. M. in the winter, and on Tuesday, Thursdays and Saturdays at 8 P. M. in the summer. From the South on Saturdays and Wednesdays at 10 A. M. in the winter, and on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays in the summer. Mails depart on the intervening days."

A house and lot in Wall Street sold in 1700 for about $850; and in 1793 the house and lot owned by General Alexander Hamilton, 42 x 108, brought $12,000. Steadily the value of property increased and steadily Finance drove everything out of the street before it. The land on which any one of the magnificent structures of the banks stands to-day is worth more than the whole of Wall Street was when the first banking institution set up for business in the now Financial Capital of the world. And it is a significant fact that gives—or ought to give—us food for thought that at the head of the street where gold constantly jingles and Mammon rules with iron sway there stands a church and "a graveyard yawns!"

ST. VALENTINE AS MEDIATOR

By Clara F. Hicks

Just a little scrap of paper, and a tiny drop of ink,
And half a hundred scratches of the pen;
Yet they turned the dark to daylight and my loneliness to joy
And multiplied my energies by ten.
For I know she ne'er had sent it, had she not sincerely meant it;
She is truest blue, that little girl of mine.
So I reverently fold it for my pocketbook to hold it
Next my heart, my dainty little valentine.

'Tis a month now since we quarreled o'er some trifle light as air,
(But it seems at least a century to me.)
And she sent me back my letters and the flashing solitaire,
With a frigid note, announcing I was free.
But a friend has interceded, and my cause has ably pleaded,
Though I ventured not to worship at his shrine.
So with happiness o'erflowing, I acknowledge all is owing
To the lovers' faithful friend—St. Valentine.

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WHEN SKIPPER ED WAS SCARED

By George Whitefield D'Vys

"UGH, Pete, I'm glad your yarn is ended. You spun it well, lad—an' it proves there's as good stories in the sea as ever came out of it—howsumever it beats all blazes how, when a gang of us gets snugged up in a f'c's'le, on a few hours' lay-off, they sail right into visionary things till we're all up agin cold shivers—an' where there'd ought to be only 'Hooray, fellows, for an hour of cheer' there is a dreary, dismal feeling of sadness.

"So it's my turn, eh? All right, mates—but say, Tom, pipe 'em that cargo story, will you, jus' to put the kibosh on Pete's yarn about that dead man's mast? Ugh! Sail in, lad, meantime I'll be laying my course."

Long Tom, the husky seine heaver and chanty man of the fishing schooner Fiji, laid aside his pipe, cleared his throat, and in response to Skipper Drake's request, started in on his ballad of the sea.

Tied up temporarily because of a scarcity of bait, more than a score of the Boston and Gloucester fishing fleets were at anchor in Provincetown harbor and on this night the forecastle of the Fiji was the mecca of a representative gathering of hardy fishermen whose sole object for the time being was a few hours' entertainment, and to this end it was one for all and all for one.

"Of deadly combras, cap'n told,
  Of bo' constrictors, too;
An' what we didn't have in snakes,
  Only the angels knew;
An' he allus talked in whispers
  As their monster size he told,
Till devil a man among us
  Would venture near the hold;
But our horror of that cargo
  Jus' rolled away with ease,
When a doctor saw our cap'n,
  An' simply said, D. T's."

A great shout of laughter greeted the ending of the long ditty.

"Mug up!" called Drake, and as his guests refilled their mugs with steaming coffee, he hitched up his trousers and began.

"I presume I might's well start my yarn right here in the old town—You see to look into this bait famine business myself, I rowed over to the dock alone this morning, and taking in the situation an' seeing nothing doing for the day, I got my bearings an' laid a course due east to the end of that plank walk an' then 'twas hard a port through the first channel over the railroad an' a couple of real things in sand dunes till I got to old ocean itself.

"You see, I wanted a peep at the shore side of those villainous peaked hill bars, an' jus' abreast the life saving station I got it, an' while I was moored alongside the keeper, Cook is his name, an' Higgins, one of the surfmen, both able looking an' fine men, mates, I jus' watched the seas come rolling in an' somehow I got to thinking of that swell off the Delaware breakwater, you know, an' thinking of that swell put this here yarn into my head; funny, isn't it? Evolution, I believe the story writers call it. Howsumever, be that as it may, the yarn stuck by me ever since an' it's right glad I am of this chance to spin it.

"If there's a man here that doesn't know Ed Osgood, the former skipper of this here Fiji, then he doesn't know the coolest, bravest man that ever trod a deck. I ain't meaning daring, recklessness in sail-carrying despite stress of weather an' all that sort of thing, although like some others I might name Skipper Ed was a devil for piling on canvas an' no man under him ever stowed his dunnage aboard who didn't have doubts about ever seeing home again, but I am meaning downright bravery, an' there are a hundred stories floating about to prove it, an' mates, I honestly believe that his absolute fearlessness was the magnet that drew the same men about him, trip after trip, season after season, until, well, until he

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got spliced, an' the little woman made him give up blue water.

"Ed allus hankered to be first in everything; first to be fitted out an' under way for the fishing grounds, first to be filled to the hatches, an' first to get home with his fare.

"The year I speak of he was dead set on getting the first mackerel into Manhattan, an' he had us off Fire Island two or three weeks before a living soul had even a single one of the speckled beauties anywhere. He kep' two men in the rigging on the lookout all the time, but no school showed up, so we cruised along further south.

"Of course, by this time, half a dozen fleets were scudding about on the same errand, but the beauties eluded us all, an' to put the kibosh on matters, bad weather set in, an' right here our troubles began.

"We had hardly breasted Cape May when a smoking easterly caught the whole lot of us squarely in its teeth an' I don't need to mention that there was a lively scurrying to get in behind the breakwater for all excepting the Fiji.

"Skipper Ed jeered at 'em all as they passed by. Ed was a thirty-third degree Mason when it came to jeering, an' I never seen his equal for raising hail columbia among other crafts by the sharp, cutting things he would yell.

"'Hump,' says he as he leaned over the rail, 'Hump, let 'em go in if they like, let 'em heave to, let 'em reef an' double reef, but the Fiji keeps to her course. Boys,' says he, turning to us, 'How is it, Delaware breakwater or the open sea? Luck is what we want,' says he, 'an' it's my idee *pluck* is the father of luck ev'ry time. Here these critters will be nicely cooped up, while off Block Island, the beauties are looking for food, I'm thinking; so what say you?'

"We grinned.

"As a skipper, Ed was masterfully commanding. His word was our gospel, an' no man but gave him prompt an' ungrudging obedience at all times.

"'Cap'n,' broke in our cook, a slow going, half dull sort of chap, who called himself the seventh son of a seventh son. 'Cap'n,' says he, 'we'd ought to go in, the water, you know. You know, I told you one tank was all empty, an' t'other was—'

"'Go in? Go in?' roared Ed, 'why, you living image of Balaam's donkey, didn't I tell you to start up the condenser? Didn't I? Get below, you loafing son of a footstool, d—— you, an' the water, too,' says he. 'Why, I believe you're a Jonah aboard this ship an' I'd a notion to toss you overboard, d—— you.'

"You can perhaps picture how quickly that seventh son vanished.

"By this time we were getting the whole thing sure, not only wind, rain an' mist, but that heavy ground swell with its raw, dampish smell, ugh! The Fiji, you mind, mates, is an able craft, mighty able. Neptune himself might have planned her, so surely faultless is she, but jus' then she held only empty barrels, nothing to steady her, you know, an' that swell comes hard an' strong, so it was that, to put it mild like, her motions were kind of erratic, an' uncertain, an' pretty soon she gave a mighty lurch an' the nex' minute there came from somewhere or other the wildest, weirdest an' most frenzied scream human being could imagine. It was one long, high keyed wail an' it died away to lee'ard, like as might the moan of a lost soul.

"Gad! it was awful!

"Ed looked at me, I looked at Ed. 'What *was* that?' he said, defiant like.

"'That's right, what was it?' says I.

'Some d—— prank!' he roared. 'Call all—'

"Again came that frantic shriek, this time perhaps even more frenzied than before.

"No need for me to call all hands. Ev'ry man of 'em came tumbling up on deck as if chased by a demon. Not a one was missing, not even the seventh son an' 'twas him that gasped, 'What's happened? Who's drown'ded?'

"Skipper Ed just glared at him, the old man still believed it was a prank an' he was riled clear through. There he stood on the quarter jus' bracing himself against the swell an' as cool an' collected as you please, an', too, as fine a picture of manhood as you could ever find.

"'You blubbering scalawags,' he roared at all hands. 'So help me Moses, if I find

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out who's doing this thing, I'll whale him black an'—'

"Ed may have said 'blue.' I don't know, for, mates, I couldn't begin to describe the fearfulness of the awful shriek that was all we heard.

"With a yell of terror the seventh son dashed below through the scuttle an' this only added to the awe-inspiring feeling of dread that now hung over us all, all but Ed, I mean. There he stood jus' as calm as before an' glaring about mad-like.

"It's the wind whistling through some crevice of the old hooker,' he yelled, angrily, 'a fine lot of sailor men you are, a fine lot! Get to your prayers ev'ry d—— one of you,' says he. 'Quick, now, we're *doomed*, sure'n Fate! Ah, see, even the rats are leaving the ship, that's a sign she's sinking! Drive 'em back, quick,' says he, 'or we'll go down sure, you superstitious rascals! Look aloft, will you, look quick, St. Elmo's fire dancing on our mast head! Jerusalem and Jerusha!' he shouted, 'Ev'ry man of you look back over our stern. There it is! There it is, a phosphorescent corpse floating in our wake. We're *doomed*, DOOMED, DOOMED!'

"The old man was in one of his jeering moods an' as he raved he passed us an' went for'ard into my domain, his flashing eyes scanning closely ev'ry inch of our bulwarks. In the bow he halted an', leaning his elbows on the starboard rail, with his back against it, he stood there in sullen silence.

"So far as I'm concerned, I admit the wailing had unnerved me; reviving in my mind as it did the thousan' an' one wild, weird, uncanny stories of the f'c's'le, where ev'ry similar unaccountable occurrence was the forerunner of disaster, I couldn't perceive any point to Ed's jokes an' was thinking to dare to suggest putting back, when he called out, jeering some more, you know:

" 'Stan' by all hands—stan' by, so as to be ready to lower the—'

"He never finished that sentence, either.

"In all the thirty years I've followed deep water, never, never have I heard anything even half way kin to the ear-piercing demoniacal, frantic scream that broke off Ed's words.

"So far as the mates go, it was the last straw an' it broke ev'ry nerve that had been right on the stretch. Away they scattered, some into the rigging, some below, some jus' paralyzed with fear. As to Ed Osgood, he gave one quick gasp, his face showing wildest terror. Nearly back over the rail he went, then he took a head first plunge for'ard onto the f'c's'le head. In about half a second he got himself together howsomever, an' came back to where he had been leaning an' then he gazed long at a pipe that protruded from the deck there.

" 'Fall in, boys, fall in,' he called out cheerily, 'I've laid the ghost all right, an' no mistake,' an' as we gathered eagerly around him, he explained that the pipe was, as we knew, connected with the after tank which the seventh son had reported as only half full of water, so that natu'lly the rest was air, an' when the ground swell sent the Fiji rolling to starboard, the water in the tank rushing up the pipe drove out the air with the force that produced the sound. To prove this, he experimented the next twice the swell keeled us over, first by plugging the pipe with a belaying pin an' a bit of oakum, an' next by having it as it had been, an' he was all right for with the pipe plugged there was no more wailing, thank God.

" 'Jake,' says he to me when it was all over, 'this is one on me, all right, so it's my treat. Take these fellows below,' says he with a wink, 'an' open my medicine chest for the bracer. It's that or lemonade, an' all they want of either till six bells.'

" 'Jerry,' says he to the man at the wheel, 'call it my trick here, you go below with the rest, I can hold her to it.

" 'Hold on there!' roared Ed, an' when we stopped, he added, with a chuckle, for he was in famous spirits, 'Say, boys, listen to this will you: By'n'by you'll all be aged sires with heads of white an' when you're telling your gran'chicks this yarn about the haunted Fiji, jus' mention, will you, that 'twas all owing to the ground swell, an' 'twas the warmish water splashing from that pipe up agin my hand that made me jump, an' boys, tell 'em, too, that 'twas the one an' *only* time Ed Osgood was ever *scared!*'"

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THE HIPPODROME.

EXTRACTS FROM A WOMAN'S JOURNAL

Egypt, Constantinople, Athens

By Lilla Allen

"to follow uncertainly the obscure footsteps of their obscure desire."
—*Shelley's translation of The Banquet.*

THE deck of the Khedival Mail boat swayed and yelled and sweated with dirty Arabs, bare-breasted Soudanese dripping with moisture, dirty bundles tied up in bright rags and leather portmanteaus that marked the standing of civilization of the Turks who stood among the crowd in English clothes branded by their fez.

The men spat on the decks till they were slippery with more than the slime of the Alexandria docks. Chlidren had thrown orange peelings here and there, a couple of parrots squawked from a cage under the steps of the upper deck, four or five nurses sat on the hatches and displayed their mottled breasts as they suckled white or brown babies, and over all, through all, penetrating everything, binding everything, screamed the sustained, endless raucous file of the Arab voice. It clung to the yards, it slipped over the rails and gnawed at the other black, huddled boats oozing cargo and brown, vile bodies; it clanged over the decks and crept up the swords of sunshine to the screaming blue, sharp Egyptian sky.

The woman stood helpless as though in a torrent of knives, of needles, of blows that cut and heaved up and down, filling everything, being everywhere, chaining the atmosphere, suffocating existence. She had fled to her cabin, and

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the four smirched pallets had denied her entrance by the linen-covered close-smelling bags that dominated the tiny space; the saloon reeked of cheese, of yesterday's food, of sea, of decayed fruit, of perspiring bodies, of hideous voices. Here outside, at least, the glitter of the water pressed against the ship and far beyond the sharp hollow of the horizon the air must be clean.

Everywhere the riot and flare of sound and vile smell had been scorching and attacking her—the heat, flame-dry, of Africa, yet smeared with the moisture of these perspiring bodies like the bubbles rising on paint under the sun.

Suddenly in the nervous clutch of disgust of her fingers she realized that the little case in her hands with a couple of pieces of gold was gone. She looked down helplessly at the deck; her eyes met the sprawling black feet of a Nubian porter, lifted higher to the dirty blue robes of the press of Arabs; it was hopelessly gone. It was like a symbol of the vice and squalor and crime that lurked in the very sun to devour the ways of life. It would rot, destroy, consume, vampire the very blood, suck out the core of the brain, make humanity again a mere savage.

All this marked the names of these places, the memories of the craving they had been; leaving Egypt for Constantinople, the words of visions, the passion that had made Egypt the fiction of a love. Egypt of the mysteries, the color, the inscrutable expression of our secret desires. And Egypt still cried, its unnatural voices mingling with the yells of the caged pelicans, clinked its meaningless gourds, laughed hideously slimed in filth, bent its desert to the wires of a compelling power as a slave bends to the lash. It was well that the desert should be tamed, the smooth velvet yellow desert flanks of some crouching earth beast! Just as well that smoke and wheels, the war of money should put aside, obliterate, the ancient square gray huts—huts with the flutter of a blue robe merging into the dimness, within the shadows floored with festering decay!

The abomination of the Arab villages, the compelling cries, the hellish, vacant eyes, the scarred cheeks, the flies on the children's faces, the unfathomable bestiality of the smell of alien bodies, the women closely wrapped in dirty veils with their foreheads marked by gold, the rinds of melons lying in the dust, the wanton, hateful bray of the donkeys, the open shirts of the men showing their black, glistening chests; men clinking money in cups and offering drinks hissing out of a jar slung on their hips, the mocking eyes of the women over their yasmek when they meet European eyes. The dust that penetrated and clung and enfolded with impalpable horror, a drove of goats with distended udders, now and then the slow magnificence of the camels carrying perhaps a burden of clover or cases of melons—imperious with reptile head and secret distorted body, a creature of the desert and slave to people of the desert, a mystery forgotten of past æons left over from past creations, forgotten when the sloth and the mastodon died, and now to serve Arabs and watch through their sealed eyes the death of a people made of their own time. Some even had been brought to the wharf with bulging nets full of fruit and stood quite near the ship looking with indolent, mocking eyes across the victorias and the piles of lice-covered rags. And this was Egypt.

The woman walked to the other side of the deck; there at least a stretch of water showed clear in the distance like drenched glass, the blast of the sun came unstained from a pure sky of impeccable blue.

At last the coast of Africa, the wonder, golden coast of Africa, lay low and evil and hot behind the ship. But this was not like the ships she knew, the ships of the new West, of her race, of her country, of her civilization; decks, the deep chairs, the pressed back masts leaning to unfelt winds, the curve of the domed hatches, these were familiar things; but here slimed with ashes, with strange filth, with the dirt of customs made of other eras and other blood.

The mark of humanity—the ways of

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A STREET SCENE IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

human, horrible creatures clothed with speech and ostensible wants like her own, but lowered into the scale so far that it touched the depths only of disgust. Humanity that at all times was something to shrink from, a thing not understood, the mystery of her own moods only making the actions of others yet

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more obscure or more to be despised; that might yet be sometimes a humanity outwardly beautiful, with around it all the graciousness of acquired gentle ways; a humanity only to be revolted from by the very undefined groundspring of its finite motive, half guessed at, always pondered over by philosophy, transfixed by art.

But this, where the resemblance to herself was like the resemblance only of form and the fact of vitality, yet with all the loathsome accentuation of the things that had framed her dreams and marks all life.

If life then Art and even humanity could each gain some answer to the question of fulfilment, what was to be granted to her when even to herself the very foundation of her desire was unformed? But since personalities have separate scales of emotion outside which they cannot go, and if uncompassed must always leave their perfection unattained, beyond this Nationalities set the larger control and determine the very timbre to which all sensation will be sounded.

The birthmark of her own country had set the standard austerely by magnificence of pine and snow and mountain, the breadth of a country that halved a continent and made the crown of a hemisphere. It gave a dominating world sense that asked much of what were instinct then lends its magic, even to the meanest breath could offer of seduction to her. The power of pure blood, the grandeur of vast spaces conquered out of primeval void, of granite ice and winter quiet and the diaphanous brief sweetness of enveloping fruit blossom, of lake winds and pine forests and sea wave perfume of the summer. The breath that swept across her country from ocean to ocean, that kissed the prairies and found ways through the barricade of mountains, and whispered sound, heaven conceived, through the vast, dim forests, virgin and unfound. The warp of her soul, web of her brain, the spring of her blood, and what would life show to make this complete, to make it fit to match the birth pride of her Nation's place?

Countries had first been her lovers, the sense of Russia and Italy and Egypt, obsessions of ice cold restraint and strength like her own land, of power and pomp that trailed imperial purple through the sea-green groves of ilex and under the silver shimmer of the olive trees, and Egypt, all mystery, all passion, all the secret, vain things of humanity, shut away unconfessed dominant. And all had failed.

In the evening, when the sea bowed like a bride under the moonlight, she found the upper deck empty, and drawing a chair to the edge of the railing, leaned back, put aside the ugliness of the day, and waited till the strain against the last hour's facts should relax into the hint of the moment's glamour.

And yet it was done with a half impatient revolt against a stimulated mood that all her life had been forced by her to give all that she denied reality. The mood as when at a concert she would take off her bracelets so that no chance clang should disturb some hushed phrases of the soloist, or the deliberate sensation modulated hours of pictures some novel emotion of Degas, of Zologa, of Stuck, the unctuous greed to get alone with a new written thing that she knew would flatter her nerves by the suggestion that they, too, could catch the supreme moment of the described excitement.

She had given the senses every illusion they craved, fed them with the blood of color and the wine of sound, let such thing as she imagined love be entangled in the splendid visions of the Vatican; perfection that had persisted while empires had faded and had been born, the gods of the brain: and even in those early Italian days when with some memory of the Mercury blinding her eyes to the flame of crimson flowers and brass music of the Pincian Hill, she had found herself repeating "For in those days the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair."

Half impatiently she remembered now as the smooth whiteness of the sea slipped past into the further darkness, she had at last been forced to turn to life,

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MOSQUE AYA SOFIA.

the cut of life's realities, to test the power of humanity itself. For, after all, the love of others formed by their agony into color and rhythm was not the love of our own creating, the passion that could answer our own imagined desire of the will of the world. Yet kisses had failed, too; they had asked, it seemed, little of herself, much of what could be everywhere gained; and even if they had demanded of herself the self she surmised, but did not possess, they would have been denied.

When the morning came for the journey up to Athens she looked with indolent indifference at the low gray hills behind Piræus. There was the glitter of gilt spires from the mosques in the town, but the slightest hint of the Orient raised in her brain a passion of disgust that was more bitter because it had all of the revolt against the long, wearily followed lust of the world; the voluptuousness of Veronese, the mystery of Leonardo, the sensuality of Tristan and Isolde: the sharp glitter of the mosques' spires, the flame of red of a bush of red flowers by the wharf, the raucous voices of the boatmen in their flaring colored boats were part of all these, the very world had failed, flowers and sound and the gray line of distant hills against an azure sky.

She smiled to herself as the carriage swept past the last white statue in the garden of the white hotel into the field-bordered drive. The hills were higher now, grayer in the rose-soft air; the low forms of the olives and cypress made silver-green shadows on the disk of the sea left disclosed. Something of the terror and search of the last few weeks had relaxed; the very air—the silent, gentle air—soothed her as the mood in that high room so near the netted gold of the slow river.

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She saw him again facing her across the table. He was always at the table, she fancied, grave and sorrowful, making fate for people, his hands on the destinies of the world. In a week, and he had never asked.

A clump of pale pink hedge roses veiled the air with perfume, and "Oh, my love!"—she almost cried it to the temple on the nearing hill—"my love, you might have known I would have kissed you!"

She was almost afraid to feel the supreme perfection of the silent land. She closed her eyes to the first sight of Mars Hill. To the very rim of the horizon spread the low, sweet pallor of the clouds, the shimmering olive trees, the discerned perfume of the pink flowers.

Was it only the hushed immaculate beauty of the land, or was there something of the thought that from here the very soul of beauty had been given to the world; the soul of beauty. Her feet touched the high, difficult steps of the Acropolis as to the entrance to a sacred place, a temple more than a temple of colossal marble and translucent pillars. The very wreck and disaster of the displaced stones moved her as broken words from lips that are stammering things our heart is breaking to hear. A few red, incarnate poppies were scattered here and there over the shattered paving, the blood of the past still living—the blood of desire, of love, the life immortal of the place, its soul. The word came haltingly to her mind. Yet Greece still lived, lived here only, the soul of Greece. Beauty incarnate.

She went slowly on to the very row of pillars that overshadow the sea, saw the sea as they must have known it, rose and amethyst framed in the topaz shafts of the marble. She gave a little cry and turned and pressed her lips to the warm smoothness of the pillar.

"In a week," she whispered. "You let me go because you knew I must find the meaning. You have discovered to me my soul. I, too, have a soul—one of these, immortal with this—the God I have ignorantly worshiped—the Hill of Mars," and then "and not in temples made with hands."

She looked toward the glamour of the sea shining out infinitely to the immeasureable sky. One hand clung to the pillar and her lips moved as though in answer to a sacrament, for there was no one to hear, and he was very far away.

THE UNDIMINISHED

By Kalfus Kurtz Gusling

What though the seas divide us
With their rippling blue and green?
What though the years before us
Hang clouds of mist between?
What though each hour seems longer,
Since our lips must needs be dumb?
Doth matter? Nay! Love grows stronger
As the dawns and twilights come.

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A MEETING OF THE COUNCIL AT HAMILTON FISH PARK IN THE CLUB BUILDING.

THE TAMING OF THE EAST SIDE BOY

By David I. Kelly

Supervisor of the New York City Park Playgrounds

Illustrated with Special Photographs.

IF a healthy, normal colt is confined in a narrow paddock, the chances are that it will kick up its heels in every direction and create a panic in the stables. The horseman who knows the nature of the beast does not attempt to curb his colt's mettle by a thrashing or a course of straight-jacket treatment. He lets the young animal run loose in the open, gives it full license to work off any superabundance of spirits by any manner of heel-kicking, frolics and antics known to the species. In due time the colt is brought under training and discipline, with bit and bridle he renders obedient service to his master—Man.

The East Side boy, or "tough," as he is too often designated, is nothing more nor less than an untamed animal. He is a colt and his paddock is the three-roomed tenement known as his home. If colt-like he kicks up his young heels and does the inevitable amount of damage he is pronounced vicious and wicked. He is thrashed, cuffed, "tongue-lashed" and is literally forced in to the only open he knows—the ill-smelling, crowded streets. Here he meets his own kind; there is a herding together, the gang is formed and the strongest spirit of mischief and recklessness becomes the leader. There is no doubt that mischief soon develops into viciousness. Lawlessness runs riot and

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A GAME OF BASKETBALL AT TOMPKINS SQUARE PARK.

the weaker and the less culpable members of the gang are trapped, made examples of and "sent up" to reappear a few years later hardened and experienced criminals.

This in a few words is the evolution of the East Side boy who knows no playground but the streets and whose superfluous energy is allowed to run to waste in disorderly channels. If this boy is beaten into apparent subjection he learns the power of brute force, and no sooner is he conscious that he is a bigger brute than the next boy than he begins to pit his strength against that of his neighbor. It is his strongest weapon until he acquires the use of others more dangerous—the weapons of the murderer and the criminal. For this reason, outside of an ideal home environment, where the rod in the hand of a judicious father may serve a useful purpose, I thoroughly disapprove of the employment of brute force in the training of the East Side boy, or to put it differently, in the subduing of the colt who is trying to escape the confines of its paddock.

It must be remembered that this East

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A LESSON IN GYMNASTICS AT TOMPKINS SQUARE PARK, UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE PHYSICAL DIRECTOR.

Side boy even at his worst, except in the rare cases of moral degeneracy—just as rare on the farther East Side as in upper Fifth Avenue—is a thinking, reasoning animal. A certain amount of wide-awake brain power can always be counted upon as a vital factor in any methods used for his betterment. But it would be a serious mistake to attempt teaching the "colt boy" primarily through any appeal to his heart or his reasoning faculties. The man who "preaches" at boys becomes a target of such ingenious sport as only the gang can imagine through years of riotous experience.

Another total failure is any attempt to break up a gang by police force. The boy is generally a match for the cop. If the gang is disbanded at the street corner, it crops up in a cellar. If it is rooted out of the cellar, it flourishes in an empty sewer pipe, and from there it will

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DAVID I. KELLY, SUPERVISOR OF THE NEW YORK CITY PLAYGROUNDS.

dig its own cave, even if in the so doing it will impair the foundations of a house.

When the superabundance of a boy's bodily and mental activities is forced to make use of secretive methods for its outlet, the first steps are taken on the path that leads to the reformatory and the penitentiary, and once brand a boy as a criminal he is bound to "make bad." Even in his own class he loses caste. A distinct line is drawn between the boy who has "served time" and the one who so far has escaped the smirch of a legal flogging. Time has proved that there is but one solution to the problem. The street boy must be reached through the "gang spirit" and through the very activities that appear to generate his vices. The superabundance of energy that leads first to mischief and then to law-breaking should be trained in directions that are wholesome, open and square. The open air playground with the athletic equipment, physical director and under the supervision of intelligent and sympathetic directorship is the only medium by which the street boy can be reached and held. In our colleges, where the boys are selected from best and highest home environments, athletics are recognized as a powerful factor in maintaining college spirit and a code of honor and

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A CAMPAIGN SPEECH AT HAMILTON FISH PARK, IN FRONT OF THE CLUB BUILDING.

discipline that could be appealed to in no other way.

If he is properly handled, the street boy as he is evolved from the East Side is as fully capable of the college spirit and the college code of honor as a Harvard or Columbia freshman. A movement in the right direction was made some four or five years ago when the school houses were thrown open as playgrounds for the children after school hours. But in spite of the laudable intent of those who started this movement, the results have shown that Young America at the colt period must receive his preliminary training in the open. This idea was successfully developed in the present form of park playgrounds through the untiring efforts of Mr. Charles B. Stover, who volunteered his services in the laying out and maintenance of the work.

The ideal arrangement is the park playground opposite the school, and within the park the settlement house building, with the indoor gymnasium, reading rooms, and rooms for quiet games. While the highest standard of the park playground has not yet been reached, the opening of the William H. Seward park playground in 1902, followed in quick succession by the Hamilton Fish, Tompkins Square and Corlears' Parks, the latter with athletic equipments and municipal buildings, as well as a staff of trained teachers and physical instructors, inaugurated the most important and effectual movement that had taken place for years for the betterment of the East Side boy. Since that time ten playground parks have been opened in different congested portions of the city as a gathering place for the growing boy. Indeed, it is my hope to see playgrounds with clubhouse buildings for indoor gymnasium work, reading rooms and quiet games in every ten blocks of thickly populated districts.

As an example of what has been done and of what is being done in the park playground I shall dwell more particu-

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HAMILTON FISH PARK, SHOWING THE IDEAL ARRANGEMENT OF SCHOOL HOUSE AND PLAYGROUND.

larly on the work and the results achieved in the Hamilton Fish Park, the second of our organized open air playgrounds. In 1896 the present site of Hamilton Fish Park, situated at the corner of Pitt and Stanton Streets, was a mass of rookeries and double-deckers seething with uncomfortable humanity, including more than the average number of colts kicking their heels against the paddocks. Three acres of tenement houses were purchased and razed to the ground at a cost of over a million and a half of dollars. The park was laid out and equipped at a cost of about $175,000 and the municipal building, which includes indoor gymnasiums, baths and offices, was erected as an experiment at an outlay of $95,000.

Our machinery in place, the next point was to get hold of our material, viz.: the growing boys—the gangs of the neighborhood, toward whom our interests and sympathies were especially directed. From the beginning it was my policy to reach these young animals through athletic sports—to arouse a spirit of healthy rivalry, to transform the gang into a party spirit that would stand for laurels won in an open and fair competition.

My first task was to select a first-class physical director—the right man in the right place. Not an acrobat, but an intelligent athletic trainer who understood the boy species, and possessed the art of accepting the rough, outspoken ways in a sensible, genial return of comradeship. East Side boys like to be spoken to in their spicy vernacular. A curt warning to "make good," to "be on the square" and to "cut it out" are worth a pulpit full of finely turned sermons as far as effective results are concerned.

There was no lack of attendance at the opening of the Hamilton Fish playgrounds. The athletic work was started from the first. It was curiously significant, even from the earliest awkward attempts of the boys in tests of strength,

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A GAME OF VOLLEY BALL AT SEWARD PARK PLAYGROUND.

to see how quickly the smaller boy, who proved himself more adept at sprinting or throwing than his superior in merely brute force, was at once respected and followed by an admiring throng. Boys soon learn that there is no bluff in athletic prowess. It is not the boasting, loud-voiced boy who makes good; it is that other boy, who, until he happens to find himself in an athletic ball game, holds himself in the background. It was not long before the gang became the basketball team, and after the Hamilton Fish team had won a victory or two, the party spirit was awakened and the East Side boys of that neighborhood had another outlet for their activity than window breaking and property wreckage.

Boys have a natural antipathy to being bossed. It is my custom to put everything up to the boys. If the balls or baskets disappear it's up to the boys to protect their own property. They have their own ways and means of ferreting out the thief. In any case, after the first weeks our athletic equipment was as safe as though under lock and key.

When the question of a uniform for our basketball team was agitated, the boys collected the money among themselves and this called forth the united efforts of the Seward and Tompkins boys to appropriately uniform their respective teams an example of the gang spirit properly directed. When a crowd of boys gets to shouting for its park, that crowd of boys is on the road to good citizenship. The triumph of Hamilton Fish Park is complete since the floating of the basketball and baseball championship flag over its playground.

If a boy learns to "play fair" he is learning his first lesson in true manhood, and this lesson must be instilled into the boy by careful direction and thought and not by harsh pressure.

In conclusion, when a boy learns to know himself "on the square," he learns in the best way and shortest cut that it's up to him to fill a man's place in the world of action.

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BLOOD OF BUDDHA

By Frank Libbie Pollock

THERE was a moment of uncomfortable silence in the circle of deck chairs, and we recollected too late that it is never safe to discuss any man's scandal in a casual assemblage. Possibly the weather that night had made us indiscreet. It was intensely electrical. The whole sky was banked with inky cloud, and enormous flushes of sheet lightning behind the veil fired it intermittently to a glaring lemon color. Our hair crackled when we touched it; the universe seemed keyed up till it was ready to snap, and our nerves shared the strain. It was a night to commit a crime, or to confess one. There was not a breath of wind as yet, but our rickety old cargo steamer rolled heavily in the oily sea. We were bound down the Bay of Bengal for Singapore; Burmah lay three hundred miles to the east, and the half dozen passengers aboard had collected under the dim deck lights aft. From one subject to another the talk had fallen upon the peculiar and probably scandalous case of the three great Elliott rubies that had blazed in the face of London society for a single season, and then disappeared profoundly. Then Westcott had startled us all by announcing his relation to that remarkable affair.

"Then you must be the sole possessor of the secret, whatever it is," said one of us, rather clumsily.

"I am," replied Westcott, with a nervous little laugh. "Also of the rubies,—only they are not rubies at all."

There was another awkward silence. The rapid, silent lightning paled the lamps, and we sat watching Westcott, as he balanced himself uncertainly against the roll of the ship. He was a tall and well built, but rather bent man, who had come aboard at Calcutta. It was impossible to guess his age. His hair and moustache were brown, but his face was deeply wrinkled, and his nerves appeared utterly disorganized. He gave me the impression of a man who had suffered some catastrophic shock and had never recovered, though it might have been drink and the Indian sun. At any rate, he seemed in a perpetual palpitation of nervousness, and I had seen him jump from his deck chair at the fall of a coil of rope. Usually he kept much to himself, and this was the first time when he had shown any disposition to talk.

"Oh, yes, the jewelers believed them genuine," he went on hurriedly, as if he were sorry he had begun and was anxious to get through with it. "So did society, which was much more important. I don't mind telling you about it, because everybody connected with the affair is dead, and it was an awfully queer business, anyhow."

He turned to the person we had learned to call the "Esoteric Buddhist," a bearded, silent man from England, a pillar of the Theosophical Society, who ate only vegetables and drank nothing but water. "No doubt you know something of that interesting relic of so-called Buddha's blood which they had at a temple in Rangoon a few years ago?"

"Yes," replied the Buddhist, curtly.

"Of course, you know the legend, then. For centuries, they say, the Lamas have kept four red lumps that they claimed to be genuine coagulated or petrified blood of the Buddha in his last incarnation. Well, five years ago, Col. Elliott was stationed in Rangoon, and naturally he heard of the famous blood relic.

"By the use of a good deal of diplomacy and some money he was allowed to gaze upon it. Even then the thing might have appeared to any one else as a mere interesting imposition, but Col. Elliott was by way of being an amateur in precious stones. Lack of means had prevented him from becoming a collector, but in the East he had found much opportunity for study, and something in the glimmer of those dark crimson lumps caught his eye. He bribed a priest to

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let him touch one of them, and the feel was unmistakable. The relics were nothing less than immense unpolished precious stones, and probably rubies.

"No one knew better than he did the danger of meddling with the religions of the East, but those fiery lumps fascinated him. I've heard that a great gem possesses a sort of devilish witchcraft quite beyond and outside its cash value, and I know it's true. Elliott was as honest a man as there was in the army, but those stones got on his brain. They possessed him. Very likely he became slightly insane on the subject. At any rate he must have ended by devoting his whole attention to the problem of getting hold of those rubies.

"Just how he did it I can't say, for he never gave me the details. I understand that he went into the temple late at night disguised as a pilgrim from Ceylon, and knocked out the priest in charge with a slung-shot. In the dimly lighted place the assault was unnoticed for a minute or two, and he managed to get away with the plunder. But he must have had to fight for it before he got clear. One of the stones was certainly lost or recaptured in the affair, and the next morning his servant found him lying insensible and literally bathed in blood upon the floor of his sleeping-room.

"The regimental surgeon brought him around, but for a week or two his recovery was rather more than doubtful. He was horribly cut and slashed about the shoulders and arms. However, in short, he did get well, and got himself invalided home to England.

"Next season the three great rubies, magnificently cut and set, appeared in London, and most of you will remember the tremendous sensation they made. But first of all Elliott had to make explanations to the War Office, and the end of this was that he resigned his commission. Some said that it was only influence that saved him from being publicly 'broke,' but I don't think that anything very definite could have been proven against him.

"At any rate, the scandal didn't detract from the rubies, and Elliott became one of the most courted men in London society, and could have married almost any marriageable woman he liked. He was anxious to marry, too, and for a curious reason. He had become a perfect monomaniac on the subject of jewels, but he realized that he could neither wear them himself nor put them on public exhibition in any other satisfactory way. So he desired to take a wife who would be useful as a sort of lay figure to exhibit the Elliott rubies to the world. His chief care was to select a woman who would, so to speak, match the jewels well, and in the end he picked out Mrs. Faulkingham, as you probably know. Thereupon the disappointed ones cried out that she had married him for his gems. Possibly she did, but she certainly wore them with stunning effect. She was a magnificent Spanish-looking brunette, and the red stones suited her admirably.

"For a single season Mrs. Elliott's rubies flamed in the face of the London lights, and then they disappeared and were seen no more. It was given out that they were destroyed in the burning of Elliott's country house in Middlesex, but it was well known that the rubies were always kept in a fireproof safe of great strength, and no one really believed this explanation. All sorts of scandalous and slanderous tales went the rounds, and some old ones were revived, but the famous rubies never reappeared.

"Now, the truth is that Elliott had the rubies with him that summer in Middlesex, and they were securely locked in the safe when the house was burned. After the fire the safe was dug out of the ruins, apparently undamaged, and when it had cooled it was opened. The heat inside had evidently been great, for some papers were scorched to a faint brown color. But when the jewel case was opened there were no rubies there. Only on the black plush bed was a quantity of a dark red, gummy fluid, almost like treacle.

"One can faintly imagine the shock. It must have struck Elliott with a superstitious horror from which he never recovered. There was no possible explanation, for there was no human possibility that the safe could have been tampered with. Finally, Elliott sent a small portion of the fluid to a distinguished chemist for analysis and micro-

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scopical examination. In the course of a week he got his answer. The scientific man said that the substance was certainly blood, but evidently very ancient, so that it was impossible to determine whether it was human or not.

"Three weeks later Elliott disappeared. No one has seen him since, and that was nearly four years ago. His wife died two years later, but his own death has never been proved or disproved. He vanished as utterly as the rubies, whose remains came into my hands, as next-of-kin. Wait a minute."

Westcott jumped up and hurried below. In a few minutes he returned with a small black morocco case, greatly resembling a tiny music-roll. From it he extracted a glass phial, covered with an ingenious embroidery of gold network to protect it from injury. The neck of the phial had been drawn out to a point and sealed by melting the glass, and the vessel was nearly filled with a dark, thick, semi-liquid substance.

"That's it," said Westcott.

"The Elliott rubies?" exclaimed the captain, jumping up to look.

"*OM mani Padme Hum!*—O God, the jewel arising out of the lotus!" murmured the Theosophist. A blinding flash of lightning split the piled typhoon clouds, and in the brief glare I saw the Burmese deck steward on his knees by the rail, staring at the bottle in Westcott's hands.

There was no thunder, and in the darkness that followed Westcott said, a little uneasily, "What this stuff may be I don't care to think. But I shouldn't care to go over there with it in my baggage," waving toward distant Burmah. "It was only by accident that I came down this side of India at all—Good Heavens!"

The rain came down with a thunderous crash, and wind with it, and we fled below. The weather that followed was not especially severe for the Bay of Bengal, but it tried our rust-eaten craft sorely. Again and again tons of crashing water cleared our decks. The incessant racing of the propellor at last carried away one of its blades, and when the weather moderated we were obliged to crawl with a broken wing into Rangoon for repairs.

Next morning all the passengers went ashore, but Westcott, who did not appear for breakfast. When we returned at noon, he had not yet shown himself. I went and knocked at his door, for he had a stateroom to himself. There was no answer, but I heard a buzzing of thousands of flies from within, and a peculiar odor. I called the captain, and we burst in the door, for it was locked.

We found a man lying dead in Westcott's berth, but we had difficulty in recognizing him. The berth was filled with blood, and there was a little, snaky creese lying among the sheets. The corpse was that of a man prematurely old,—bald, thin, and wrinkled, and it was just possible to identify it as Westcott's. At the foot of the berth hung a brown wig, and an open dressing-case showed a perfect armory of toilet appliances and cosmetics, like the outfit of an actor.

All the valises in the room were open, and had been turned inside out. Nothing was to be found of the little morocco case, but a corded package of old letters tumbled out while I was setting the scattered baggage in order. The captain picked them up quickly and put them back, but not before I had caught a glimpse of some words of the address on the topmost envelope—"Elliott—London."

The crew were mustered and questioned, but the Burmese steward was missing, and no one had noticed his departure. We notified the British authorities ashore, and arranged the funeral, which, according to local custom, took place the same day. The papers and effects of the dead man were taken in charge by the police, and I know nothing further of their contents.

It was insufferably hot that night—too hot to go below. There seemed to be a festival of some sort in the temples of the Burmese city for through the stifling darkness came incessantly the clash and booming of gongs, and the terrific blast of conches. There were few lights burning on deck, and I found the Esoteric Buddhist leaning over the after rail in the dark.

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My suspicions crystallized at seeing him.

"Your friends seem to be celebrating ashore," I said. "What is the occasion? Has the relic come home—thanks to you?"

He gripped me by the arm, and I felt his hand quiver.

"Blood it was!" he whispered fiercely in my face. "In blood it went and in blood it comes back. It is just, but I had neither voice nor hand in it."

He released me, and turned again toward the shore, where the metallic clangor blared louder than ever across the still water. Vivid heat lightning flickered low along the dark horizon, casting the jagged line of the city into sharp silhouette, and as the far away murmur of voices mingled with the brazen dissonance I heard the Buddhist muttering over and over the sacred phrase:

"O God, the jewel arising from the lotus blossom!"

HER SIDE

(In answer to "Engaged," by Blanche Goodman, published in BROADWAY MAGAZINE.)

By Maude Gleason

He loves me!
I cannot shout for joy
And raise the town,
But must sit modestly
And dream and dream
Beside the fire,
Which glows
Like my heart
With warmth and cheer.
He loves, he loves me!
O'er and o'er I say it
To my heart,
Nor cry aloud,
Nor shout it from the house tops,
But whisper it,
Soft and low,
Unto my soul.
They say
A woman always knows
When love is near.
Ah, yes! we know
But dare not hope
We know aright.
For looking forth,
With eyes of love,
We may perchance
Mistake a lesser light
For that of Love.
We wait and hope
And scarce may breathe
For fear our hopes are wrong.
When, lo!
The soft words spoken,
Our heart bursts forth
In flame,
And nearly suffocates us
With our joy—
And yet,
We do not cry aloud,
But pray, and weep
For very thankfulness.
He Loves Me!
How dear the words!
They fall like dew
Upon my fevered heart.
I creep
Unto my mother's knee,
And hide my head,
Upon her lap,
And breathe—
"He loves me"—
And that is all,
But 'tis enough
To fill a heart
With tenderness;
A life
With gentle deeds
And happiness.

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AUBREY BOUCICAULT AS A STUDENT AT HEIDELBERG.

THE DISSECTION OF A ROLE

By Aubrey Boucicault

Illustrated with special photographs.

WHEN an actor is given a stage impersonation — a so-called rôle, he receives an automaton dressed and decorated with lines and situations. It is an altogether dead and bloodless thing until his voice and action breathe life into its nostrils. Too often, at a first reading, the lines of themselves are as sounding brass, the situations are false, the climaxes forced. It is the province of the actor to vivify by his interpretation this sawdust doll, to send the thrill of conviction through its stiffened joints and to call down upon it such tongues of fire that its speech will be aflame with the eloquence of inspiration. Is it not Hamlet who cautions his actors "when you play

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DIONECIUS LARDNER BOUCICAULT, THE GREAT PLAYRIGHT AND MANAGER, FATHER OF AUBREY BOUCICAULT.

upon the pipe give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most beautiful music."

Every play is convincing to its author. When the playwright cannot explain himself, his work should be discarded at once, but it is my opinion that there are many more inferior interpretations than inferior plays. A play does not wear its heart upon its sleeve, and this heart is the sum of individual characterization by each and every one of the acting body.

An actor must live alone with his role for days and weeks. He must be first convinced that it has life and motive and then he must seek to find them. It is no easy task. He must perform a sort of mental autopsy upon it lay it upon the dissecting table and with the scalpel of analysis lay bare its every weakness and strength.

In this way I went to work upon the role of Oscar in Hall Caine's "Prodigal Son." His mentality, physique, environment and propinquity were all given due consideration. The whole play is written in a shout. Oscar is hysterical, emotional, affectionate, weak but not vicious, and the only possible strength of any impersonation lay in developing the character from its weakest side rather than its strongest. There had to be some *raison*

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From a miniature.

AGNES ROBERTSON BOUCICAULT, WIFE OF DION BOUCICAULT AND ADOPTED DAUGHTER OF CHAS. KEAN, THE DISTINGUISHED TRAGEDIAN.

d'être for the affection lavished upon the prodigal. He was a spendthrift, a profligate and a reprobate. He brought disgrace upon his parents, he was virtually the murderer of his young wife, he deserts his child and yet he makes a constant appeal for affection and sympathy. For this reason I considered it wise to emphasize his vices as weaknesses and vacillations, and to keep continually in evidence his craving for love, and the restless yearnings of an upbraiding conscience. It is an idiosyncrasy of human nature that the strong are admired and the weak are beloved.

It seems to me, that just as it would be a mistake to start a play at its apex, so it is a mistake to start a characterization at any but its weakest point. Otherwise its possible inconsistencies are not plausible. In the third act of the "Prodigal Son," for instance, the actor who starts at the

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From a daguerreotype taken in 1855.

AGNES ROBERTSON, IN "THE FAIR STAR," DURING HER FIRST AMERICAN TOUR.

climax has nothing to do but drop into space. There are no other rungs to his ladder. If he attempts another step he will be left standing on one leg; and yet, after much thought, I reached the conclusion that there was no other way to take the situation except in a "shout" as Hall Caine himself puts it. Then to descend from the heights step by step as best I could until I found myself on solid earth again with the determination to return home and seek forgiveness.

My father, Dion Boucicault, used to remark that the actor must take off the skin and bones of a role and get at the heart, and that once the heart of it was in the possession of the actor, the flesh and clothes would come of themselves.

In a book play, one has but to follow the working of the author's mind as the motives of actions are laid bare. If the author is still living, as is the author of "The Prodigal Son," Hall Caine, the privilege of the author's dissection cannot be too highly estimated. A few hours' conversation with Hall Caine on the subject

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AUBREY BOUCICAULT, WHOSE CREATION OF THE ROLE OF THE PRODIGAL SON WAS A DRAMATIC EVENT OF THE SEASON.

of his own creation are well worth a trip across the Atlantic. All the light that can be thrown upon a rôle but adds to its vitality. If it lives it convinces the actor and no audience is reached save through the absolute faith of the interpreter.

The art of acting, according to my father, is the art of presenting selected situations with simplicity and naturalism. The realisms of life are rarely interesting. It is only the extraordinary moments, and the series of events that lead to them that form the elements of a strong and vital play. Even in the lightest comedies selected situations are always in evidence and there must always be a consciousness of this intent to eliminate the superfluous and to retain only the necessary.

The result is shown to the audience but not the means. The audience is never taken into the dissecting room. A skeleton is always a gruesome spectacle, although when clothed in flesh and comely raiment it may appear as a god.

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MATAMURI'S SACRIFICE—A JAPANESE ROMANCE

By Kurt Matull

IT was during the time of the celebration of the cherry blossom festival. All the houses in Nagasaki were decorated with flowers and garlands and colored papers. The streets were literally carpeted with buds, branches and blossoms of the cherry tree. Even the horses and dogs had their little decoration, while the rickshaws and their drivers were overwhelmed with the blossoms and branches. No one would suspect, in looking upon all this pleasure and happiness, that there was war and turmoil in the land!

Men and women, dressed in finest silks, with jeweled belts encircling their waists, in which were also branches covered with blossoms, went from house to house and exchanged the compliments of the festival season.

In front of the houses were pine trees and oleanders, and from their tops were strung streamers of flowers and colored papers. A lobster, with a lemon each side, hung from the centre of these streamers. Each has its symbolic meaning to the people of Japan—the lobster, long life; the lemons, eternity.

All was pleasure and merriment. An aroma of newly baked cakes and tarts filled the air. The children of the city were flying their fantastic kites; acrobats and necromancers were giving free exhibitions in the streets; the tea houses were crowded to their utmost capacity, the geisha girls playing, dancing and singing the national cherry blossom songs.

Every one was bent on having a good time. Care had no thought to the occupants of all the houses in Nagasaki on that day.

All but the occupants of one house.

The old merchant, Okinomi, was in deep trouble. The portable bamboo walls of his house were still in place, and within Okinomi and his family remained on that great festival day. They had no thought of pleasure; no heart for gayety.

Okinomi was in danger of bankruptcy. Unfortunate business speculations, the result of the declaration of war, had brought disaster upon him. Many of his customers were even now battling for their country. They could not pay not pay Okinomi, so Okinomi could not Okinomi, so Okinomi could not pay. His creditors, on account of his past promptness in meeting his obligations, had given him one week's time to settle their accounts. That time would expire on the day following the end of the cherry blossom festival—two days hence.

Okinomi sat on his bamboo mat with bowed head. His face was the picture of despair. Prostrated before the altar of their ancestors were Okinomi's good wife and his pretty little daughter. Matamuri was the daughter's name. She was the joy of her old father's heart, and she was the Star of Hope of handsome young Lieutenant Korada, of the Twelfth Regiment, who was to leave for the seat of war after the cherry blossom festival was over.

The mother and daughter prayed before the altar for help in their hour of trouble. The reflected light of the altar lamps made their faces look pale and yellow. The blossom color in the cheeks of the girl had disappeared.

The little son of Okinomi sat sobbing in a corner of the room. The deep sadness over all had touched the child's sensitive heart and made him cry. The mother left the altar. No Japanese woman can see her offspring in tears. Going over to the little fellow, she said:

"Don't cry, my little man; don't cry. Would you like to hear one of mamma's fairy tales?"

"Oh, yes!" replied the boy, drying his tears and embracing his mother with his fat little arms.

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"Very well, then," said the mother. "Listen carefully to all I say." This was the story:

"It was a hard, hard winter in our Japanese land, and the water in the brooks and rivers was covered with thick ice—so thick that the fishermen could not through it and get fish to supply their families with food. The poor people had nothing to eat. In a little house near one of the brooks there lived a poor fisherman with his wife and little boy. The boy was a bright little fellow and loved his mother and father very much. For days the family had been without food, and the little boy heard his mother say to her husband:

"'My good Tokano, if we do not have something to eat soon, I think we will die.'

"And the little boy heard his father reply: 'Yes, I believe you, my good wife. The ice is so thick in the brook that I cannot cut through it. We have not sufficient fuel to melt it, and we would only waste the little wood we have. I will go again to our neighbors and see if I cannot borrow a little flour or some rice, which may keep us alive until the One above sends heat from the heavens to melt the ice.'

"As the father left the house the little boy rushed to his mother, and, putting his arms around her neck, said:

"'Why cannot papa cut through the ice and bring us fish?'

"'The ice is too thick, my little boy,' replied his mother, 'and we have not sufficient wood to make a fire strong enough to melt the ice. Your father just said so. Did you not hear him?'

"'Yes,' replied the boy, thoughtfully, 'but, little mother, you are hungry.'

"'Yes; and you, too, my little one!'

"'Oh, no, mamma!' cried the child, with light and love in his eyes. 'See, I have this little piece of wood to chew!'

"Then he sat still for hours and did quite a little thinking for one so young. Late in the night the father returned. Tears were in his eyes; empty were his hands.

"'Every one is poor!' he cried. 'I could borrow nothing!'

"When his papa and mamma had gone to sleep the little boy left the house and went to the brook. There he took off his clothing and threw his little warm body on the cold ice. And the good Lord in Heaven looked down with tears in His eyes upon this little boy who would, with the warmth of his body, melt the ice so that his father could catch for his mother a fish.

"And the little boy did not feel the coldness of the ice. He had folded his hands in prayer and looked up to all the bright shining stars in the heavens. Then it seemed to him that a mighty golden door was opened up there, and he heard beautiful songs; he saw a procession of white-clothed geishas, with golden wings, coming down to him. As they came nearer and nearer it gradually became warm and bright as in the summertime. He was lying no more on the ice, but in water and the water was warm as when he used to bathe in the summertime!

"Then he left the water and ran home as fast as his little legs could carry him. He awakened his father and cried:

"'Papa, come and catch fish! The heavenly geishas have thawed the ice for you!'

"The father, seeing his little boy before him without clothing, was astonished, but he followed him to the brook and saw the heavenly wonder there. As the first fish was caught on the hook, the little boy, in great glee, rushed home with it to his mother."

Having finished her fairy tale, the mother, taking her little son on her knee, added:

"That story, my child, will teach you how dearly the children of Japan love their parents."

Not alone was the little boy listening intently to the story, but Okinomi and Matamuri as well. As the story was finished Matamuri went to her father, and, placing her tender little fingers in his hands, said:

"Cannot I help you, my dear father, as that little boy helped his father? Tell me, is there not something I can do to help you out of this great trouble?"

"Yes, there is something you can do,

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my child; but the sacrifice is too great; too great, my little pearl."

"No sacrifice is too great, you dear, good papa!" exclaimed the girl. "Tell me what I can do to help you."

Stroking her hair with his hands, the father told her of an offer he had had from the fat old tea merchant, Oshima.

"The old monster is rich, very rich," he said. "He has a magnificent summer house and a beautiful winter house. A few days ago he asked me if you would marry him."

For a moment only there was silence, and then:

"Yes, I will marry him, father, if it will help you out of your trouble. I will marry him." And there was only the least suspicion of moisture in the girl's eyes.

"You will?" asked the father, hardly believing his own ears. "You will?" he repeated. "But I thought you loved the young soldier, Korada. Are you forgetting him, my child?"

"No, I am not forgetting him, papa. I do love Korada; I love him dearly. But he cannot marry me now. He must go to the war; he must fight to save his fatherland. And I must do the same as he!"

"What! You will go to the war, too?"

"Yes, father, I will go to war for you —to save you! And I will be glad if I can protect you with my life as my dear Korada will protect his Fatherland with his life! Go to the old tea merchant. Tell him I will wait here for him."

The father made a low bow to his little daughter. Putting on his felt shoes, he left the house to go to the fat old tea merchant, whose riches were to help him out of his troubles.

While the father was absent the mother bought bunches of cherry blossoms and decorated the room. Matamuri put on her best silk gown and with trembling hands she placed a wreath of the blossoms in her hair.

When her father returned with him was a little fat old man. He had on great big spectacles, and through them, with his small, steely eyes, he looked over the girl, hissing his greetings in the custom peculiar to the Japanese. He smiled ceremoniously and slowly rubbed his hands as his two servants deposited before the young girl a pair of beautifully decorated porcelain vases filled with cherry blossoms, and opened package after package containing the grandest silk robes the little daughter of the poor merchant had ever seen! Then came an ancient bronze box filled with gold and silver coins.

Taking from his fat little finger a large diamond ring, Oshima, turning to the mother, presented it to her, saying:

"Mother star of this young star, present this ring to the young blossom on the day I take her away to my home."

Bowing low and hissing before Oshima, the mother and daughter left the room, leaving the father and the old tea merchant alone.

"This war is making hard times for us all," began Oshima, rubbing his hands in his oily way. "This is not a good wedding time; it is not a good cherry blossom time. I know you to be on the verge of bankruptcy, but I will help you, as hard as are the times, my dear Okinomi. Yes, I will help you. But I think it best, my dear friend," and the sly old rascal lowered his voice to almost a whisper, "I think it best that the people of Nagasaki do not know that you have sold to me your charming little girl to save you from bankruptcy. What say you, Okinomi?"

"You may well believe they will hear nothing from me," answered the father, in tones of sadness.

"And now, my great friend," continued Oshima, "swear to me by your ottokes (souls of ancestors) that two weeks hence you will give to me your daughter as my wife. If you will swear this to me then will I give you money to pay your debts and start you anew in business. Will you swear?" and the fat little tea merchant rubbed his hands together with more vim than before and looked over his spectacles at the father of his victim.

"But suppose, Oshima—and heaven protect us against such a calamity!—that the Russians should come to Nagasaki and destroy our homes and our busi-

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ness, and perhaps kill our wives and our children—how then could I keep my oath to give you my daughter?"

"My dear, good friend," replied the tea merchant, "every year I make a trip to the Russian coast cities to sell my tea, and I have many good friends among the officers of the Russian army. Should the Russians come to Nagasaki and I have such a beautiful woman as your daughter in my house, then will I be a good friend with my Russian friends here as I am there. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, I suppose I do," answered Matamuri's father, a feeling of hatred almost overpowering him. Smothering his better self with an effort, he continued:

"I know you are a good friend of the Russians, Oshima, but I hope our country will come out victorious in this war."

"And so do I; and so do I, Okinomi. But in the event of the enemy coming to Nagasaki—it could be possible; it really could be possible, my old friend—then I could protect you and your family as well as myself. Then would my friendship for the Russians be of benefit to us all."

Matamuri had been an unwilling listener to the conversation, and as she heard the old tea merchant professing friendship for her country's enemy there arose within her a great horror at the thought of becoming the bride of such a wretch—a traitor!

A little later in the day the handsome young lieutenant came to see his sweetheart and bid her good-by. In two days he was to leave Nagasaki with his regiment and go to the front. He hears that his little one's father has been saved from bankruptcy, and is deeply thankful.

Shortly before it was time for the lieutenant to take his leave, Matamuri told him of the visit of the old tea merchant. Nothing was kept from her sweetheart, not even the hatred she had for her intended husband on account of his Russian sympathies.

"And have you sworn to become his wife?" asked the young lieutenant, with no feeling of resentment against his little sweetheart.

"No, my own," was the reply.

A look of intense relief came over the young man's face as he heard the words that gave him hope. Already was he planning how to save his pretty sweetheart from the wily old villain.

"And how was it that your good father gave you to Oshima as his wife?" asked Korada.

"I told my father, who was in this great trouble, that I would fight for him as you, my beloved, would fight for your Fatherland. You know my father's trouble, Korada. We would be lost had I done otherwise, as our country, our Fatherland, would be lost did it not have such brave defenders as you to fight its battles!"

"Now I understand it all, my sweetheart," exclaimed Korada. "You did right. You loved your father and saved him from disgrace. Now I must save you!"

"How can you save me?" asked the girl, despair giving way to hope at the lieutenant's words. "What can vou do?"

"You will hear from me before I leave Nagasaki, little Muri. Until to-morrow, good-by!"

* * * * * * * * * * *

About eleven o'clock that night there was a violent knocking on the outside of the tea merchant's house. Oshima was awakened from dreams of happiness in which Matamuri was the central figure. The servants rushed to the door and asked who it was that demanded entrance into a peaceful house at such an unseasonable hour.

"A patrol of the Twelfth Regiment has orders to search this house! Open in the name of the Emperor!" came the reply.

The servants were about to obey the order of the officer in charge of the patrol, when they saw the old tea merchant, their master, beckoning them to him. He was trembling with fear; his fat little legs seemed unable to sustain his weight.

"Wait a moment," he whispered to his nearest servant. "Before you open the door I must go to my room!"

At this moment, however, the door was smashed in by the impatient men outside. Chafing under the delay, the

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officer in charge of the patrol, who was none other than Lieutenant Korada, gave the order to his men to break in the door with the butt ends of their rifles, and before old Oshima could go to his room he was under arrest.

"Pardon my late visit, my dear friend," said the lieutenant to his rival, "but you know these are war times, and delays are sometimes dangerous."

"What have I to do with war times?" asked the trembling Oshima, affecting a spirit of bravado he was far from feeling.

"Word has reached the general that you are a Russian sympathizer and a traitor to your country. Is it true?"

"I deal with them only in business," was the evasive reply.

"Oh, of course!" exclaimed the lieutenant, ironically. "And we have orders to find out what this business is. You will please show us your room and open all drawers and boxes for our inspection. Lead the way!"

The tea merchant was about to go to his bedroom, when the lieutenant, who had been watching the crafty old face of Oshima, suddenly changed his mind.

"We will begin right here," he said. "Open the drawers in that desk!"

Oshima opened the drawers with great gusto, but the careful young officer of the Twelfth Regiment did not fail to see the look of intense relief that came over the cunning face of his host, nor did he fail to see the ironical smile that followed the look of relief.

"Don't bother yourself too much, my friend. Perhaps we can save time by first searching you."

Instantly the smile disappeared from Oshima's face only to be succeeded by a sickly yellow color. Then the lieutenant knew he was on the right track. Calling two of his men, he ordered them to hold the arms of the merchant, whom he began to search. Under the silken kassawaika the lieutenant found a sealed letter addressed to a Russian tea merchant in Newchwang.

"What is in this letter?" asked the lieutenant.

"Only business matters, my dear friend; only business matters!" stammered the now thoroughly frightened Oshima.

"Only business matters, eh! I see by the address that it is intended for a Russian, and it is a State order that all such letters be held."

"I know it, lieutenant; I know all about that. It was not my intention to send this letter, and if you will allow me, I will burn it up," and with trembling hands the tea merchant reached for the letter.

"But the date on the letter is that of to-day," continued Korada, ignoring the outstretched hand. "How is that? War was declared over a month ago."

Oshima hung his head in silence. The lieutenant ran through the letter, and at the end exclaimed:

"You have a nice finish to your letter; a very nice finish indeed! You say: 'Give my best greeting to all the officers of the Alexander Regiment, and tell them that if they come to Nagasaki within the year my beautiful wife will assist in the honors of my house and insure them a most pleasant time. Faithfully your, Oshima.'"

"In the name of the Emperor I arrest you as a traitor of my country. Bind him well!" he added, addressing the guard. The next day came the news that the rich old tea merchant, Oshima, found guilty of treason, had been instantly executed as an example to all other traitors in Japan.

* * * * * * * * * * *

The bamboo walls of Okinomi's house were thrown aside the next morning, as were also the walls of the other houses on the street, when the Twelfth Regiment passed by on its way to the front. On the sidewalks the people of Nagasaki stood and cheered them on with shouts of encouragement.

Little Matamuri stood at the opening of her house, and as the young lieutenant marched by with his company they smiled a fond farewell.

"Good-by, Matamuri; good-by!" he cried out. "We have won our first victory!"

Unintelligible as were the words to those that heard them, they were understood by the little Jap.

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Portrait study by MacMichael and Gro.

MLLE. MI-CARÊME.

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WILL ARCHIE AND ADELE COX IN "THE BABES AND THE BARON."

THE STAGE AND ITS PEOPLE

By Geo. C. Jenks

Illustrated with Portraits of Players and Scenes from Plays.

WE have a new man writing for the stage. His name is Rudyard Kipling. Some of us had heard it before somewhere, and for that reason there was marked interest when a dramatization of the fierce little story, "The Man Who Was," was announced by E. S. Willard. Kinsey Piele made the theatre version, and he did it in a workmanlike manner. But it is a Kipling play. The spirit of Kipling breathes through the terse dialogue, and the intimate treatment of army life in India could have been applied only by the man who has studied it at close range.

Some dramatists would have made a four-act play of the material in "The Man Who Was." Kipling gives it to us in one, occupying not more than half an hour, and keeping our nerves taut from beginning to end.

If you do not know the story of "The Man Who Was," here it is in brief, as it is unfolded in the play: The White Hussars is a British regiment, with a Crimean record. Now, twenty years after the fall of Sebastopol, the regi-

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E. S. WILLARD, WHOSE APPEARANCE IN A SERIES OF PLAYS HAS BEEN AN ARTISTIC EVENT OF THE SEASON.

ment is stationed at Peshawar, in the Punjab, the scene being the ante-room of the officers' mess. It is a handsomely furnished parlor, decorated with flags and other mementoes of the regiment's service, and with portraits of old officers who have passed away. On the centre table is a curious candelabrum, which, it is explained, has a secret spring, known to only one or two older members of the regiment, that allows some of its arms to be raised. The candelabrum plays a part in the story, and is therefore to be remembered.

As the curtain rises we see that dinner is in progress in the room at the back of the stage, with ladies present. Toasts are drunk, and there is plenty of color, for the officers are in their red coats and the ladies in evening dress, while a Cossack colonel, Dirkovitch, in his uniform, makes a variation which is effective in the stage picture.

We hear about the strange disappearance of Austin Limmason, at the time of the taking of the Crimea, and interest in him is well stirred by skillful dialogue. This Austin Limmason was one

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A SCENE FROM ETHEL BARRYMORE'S NEW PLAY BY J. M. BARRIE, "ALICE-SIT-BY-THE-FIRE."

of the handsomest and bravest officers of the White Hussars, and although he has not been seen or heard of for twenty years, his name is still kept green in the regiment. He was the brother of Millicent Durgan, wife of Colonel Durgan, both of whom are present. When the talk about Limmason becomes animated, it is noticeable that Colonel Dirkovitch, the Cossack, is uneasy and inclined to sneer.

Suddenly there is heard the challenge of a sentinel and a shot outside. A moment later, a weird, white-faced, tattered man, with long, white beard, and emaciated arms showing through the torn sleeve of the outer garment that half clothes him, bursts into the room and falls unconscious upon the floor. The officers crowd about him and soon restore him with wine and brandy. The stranger has suffered so much that he has lost his memory. You learn that he has escaped from a Siberian mine and found his way on foot, somehow, to Peshawar. Bit by bit his memory returns to him. The first indication of this is his going to the candelabrum and working the secret spring in the manner of a person familiar with its mechanism. Then he recognizes pictures about the room, and, as his eyes fall upon the torn and stained battle flag which was borne by the regimental color bearer in the Crimea, he rushes to it and waves it deliriously above his white head.

Of course, the wretched creature is Austin Limmason, the "man who was." He contrives to speak at last, and to utter the name of the "White Hussars," his own regiment, before he falls dead in the arms of his sister, the wife of Colonel Durgan. Incidentally, it is revealed that the Cossack, Colonel Dirkovitch, had taken Limmason prisoner at Sebastopol, and had sent him to Siberia by false testimony, instead of allowing him to be treated as an officer entitled to his parole.

E. S. Willard had played the gentl

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Photo by Kajiwara Studio.

GRACE WALTON, IN "THE EARL AND THE GIRL."

Benjamin Goldfinch, in Sydney Grundy's popular adaptation from the French, "A Pair of Spectacles," immediately before "The Man Who Was." His versatility was well shown by his doing Austin Limmason on the same evening. He never had a character calling for more violent emotion. Only a finished actor, with a reserve force equal to any demand, could make Austin Limmason a real, living person, and not a shrieking stage lunatic. Mr. Willard offers us a man as pathetic as the poor old potter in "The Middleman," without one-half the provocation. To a large degree, Austin Limmason is the old prisoner in "The Dead Heart," that used to give actors of a past generation their opportunity, but the old man never had the dramatic vitality of Austin Limmason. For this I should say that Rudyard Kipling and E. S. Willard are entitled to thanks in about equal degree. As "Ye Editor" of the country paper remarks, after a pleasant visit from a subscriber, "Come again, Mr. Kipling."

After being thrilled by "The Man Who Was," it was a pleasant variation of emotion to go and chuckle over "Before and After." Leo Ditrichstein ad-

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FAY TEMPLETON AND VICTOR MOORE, IN "45 MINUTES FROM BROADWAY."

mits frankly that he obtained the central idea of this farce from the French. Well, as they used to say about Bartley Campbell, it only shows that he knows where to go for ideas. If a playwright has to borrow ammunition somewhere, he should get the best that he can lay his hands on. That is what Bartley Campbell used to do, and Leo Ditrichstein is equally wise in his generation. It is possible that there were unsavory incidents and suggestions in the French version. Well, what matters it? They are not in the jolly concoction served for American consumption, under the title of "Before and After," by Mr. Ditrichstein, and that is all that concerns us. No one can say, unless he is a curmudgeon, that it is not funny. It is not tempestuously funny in spots and dreary otherwise, you understand, but just clever and amusing, so that you laugh genteel little laughs from the beginning of the first act to the end of the last. What more does one want in a comedy?

A young man of the medical profession has concocted a medicine which he calls "Sunny Jim." It is a tonic which tones up the nerves, rather than toning them down. A moderate dose of the tasteless white powder in any liquid makes the patient full of uproarious

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SCENE FROM "BEFORE AND AFTER."

mirth, and causes him to see only beauty in everything that comes under his notice, particularly femininity. The doctor gives his medicine to several of the characters in the comedy, one way and another, and the entertainment is in watching the tangles that result. Since the normal disposition of each person taking the stuff is swung around to the opposite extreme, there are many opportunities for an ingenious farce writer to invent all kinds of funny situations.

In the original French it required two men to put the farce together. As we get it in English, we have had one of our brightest builders of airy stage fabrics also at work on it. The result is a fluff of comicalities which is worth while, if your only reason for going to the theatre is to seek recreation for jaded faculties.

While giving full credit to the three authors, it must not be overlooked that the cast presenting "Before and After" is unusually strong. Such names as Fritz Wiliams, George C. Boniface, Jr. (he of "What Happened to Jones" fame), Thomas A. Wise, Leo Ditrichstein, Katherine Florence, Georgie Lawrence and Kenyon Bishop are warrant of a performance lacking nothing in artistic finish and spontaneous humor.

Whether J. M. Barrie had all or any of the deep purposes ascribed to him in writing the one-act play, "Pantaloon," I do not know. My own idea is that, writing for a popular audience, he was seeking something new, and that he chortled with glee when he saw the possibilities for satire in that peculiarly British institution, the "Harlequinade." It was natural that Barrie should treat the subject with skill and impressiveness. Most people who have passed the age when Clown, Pantaloon, Harlequin and Columbine are real personages, see the pitiful tawdriness of it all. The chalk on the faces of the two principal comedians can be easily believed to hide careworn features, sad and disappointed.

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FRITZI SCHEFF, IN "MLLE. MODISTE."

There is no more fun in the red paint and clown-wig than in the primitive humor of the red-hot poker and string of sausages. All this the world knows as well as Barrie. But Barrie is a playwright, and a clever one, and he has thrust home to us the old truths with a power that makes them stick.

Like most productions by this canny London Scot, there is a vein of whimsicality that is the trademark of a Barrie comedy. We find Pantaloon, an old, discouraged man, in cheap lodgings in London; where his daughter, Columbine (Beatrice Agnew), also lives, and where Harlequin, whom Pantaloon addresses as "Boy," seems to live, too. All are in their stage clothes, and the tradition of the Harlequinade is maintained by Harlequin and Columbine expressing themselves in dumb show, dancing and tripping about, while Pantaloon, as well as Clown, who afterward comes in, talk in the squeaky tones which have been theirs from time immemorial.

The pathos of the little play is that

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Photo by Otto Sarony Co.

RHEA CLEMENS, IN "45 MINUTES FROM BROADWAY."

Pantaloon feels himself losing his hold on the public because he is becoming too old for his work. As an artist, his grief over his failing powers is tragic. He fears that he cannot get the laughs, as he used to do, and if that catastrophe comes to him, then he is lost, indeed. Like many another artist of more pretentious class, his work and its applause are his very life. That is the principal motive—to show that when Pantaloon is old, he is useless, and that poor Pantaloon feels it with a bitterness none the less because he is grotesque in appearance and, as the thoughtless might pronounce it, trivial in career.

You never are allowed to forget that Pantaloon is brooding over his sorrow that he has arrived at the useless period of existence, and is only an encumbrance

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HELEN BERTRAM AND ALMYRA FORREST, IN "THE GINGERBREAD MAN."

on the earth, instead of adding to its entertainment. Lionel Barrymore, who represents Pantaloon, has most of the talking in the play. When he is not bewailing his lot to the others on the stage he is telling the audience. It may be that this complaining is rather too much drawn out. A driveling old man, with a senile snuffle, is wearing on the nerves of a touch-and-go theatre audience after ten or fifteen minutes of him. However, that is a matter of personal opinion, merely. Pantaloon is always represented as in the "lean and slippered" sixth age, and usually he is just about ready to fall over the brink into the seventh, "sans everything." That is the case with Lionel Barrymore's old gentleman.

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Could he be anything else and remain consistent to the author's obvious purpose?

There is a pretty love story, albeit it is the old one of the Harlequinade to a large extent. The variation is that Clown (John Barrymore) as well as Harlequin, is in love with Columbine, although Harlequin gets her, as he always has. There is a break in time—marked by the momentary fall of the curtain—and then, after nine years of married life, Harlequin and Columbine come lamely tripping back, with pathetically halting steps, to the old home from which they eloped long years before. None of the characters appear to be any older, and Columbine, in her pink ballet skirts, tights and slippers, is as entrancingly beautiful as ever. But there is a boy of eight years of age, and, better than all else, he is—a Clown. He was born one, presumably, full rigged, with his face whitened and patched with red, and in regular clown costume; sausages hanging out of his pockets and all. Harlequin and Columbine are his parents. The original grown-up Clown, after flouting poor old Pantaloon and behaving like a villain generally, has left the old man to his fate. But now, with a little Clown, who can give his grandfather "the slap," and tickle his old legs with the red-hot poker, in traditional Clown way, the old gentleman is so happy, that you, the audience, are happy, too—even though you do rub your eyes as the curtain falls, and wonder whether you have that proper grasp of your own mentality which disproves the suspicion that you may be insane. But then, that is a common frame of mind after seeing a Barrie comedy.

Still in a spirit of satire, J. M. Barrie has written "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," originally done by Ellen Terry, in London, and it is the second portion of the evening's entertainment at the Criterion. Two Barrymores are in "Pantaloon," and two in the three-act comedy following. We drop Lionel, and take up Miss Ethel Barrymore; but John, after showing us that he appreciated the subtleties of Clown, and that he is equal to presenting a disagreeable, ill-conditioned fellow in motley, is with us again, in "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," this time as a weak-pated young fellow of the present day, one Stephen Rollo, who has only to be bewildered throughout the play.

Very clearly has Mr. Barrie set forth the purpose of this "Page from a Daughter's Diary," as it is called in the programme. A girl of sixteen, with a bosom friend, a year older, has come under the influence of the cheap problem play, at matinees, until their silly little heads are turned by the bald situations and incentives of that sort of thing. They accept the pot-boiling dramatist as a prophet. Still school-girls, and without older persons to guide them, they have feasted on theatrical banalities until they regard such viands as the only possible mental food. Worse than that, they are eager to take part in working out such "problems" themselves.

Colonel and Mrs. Grey have just come home from India, and are making the acquaintance of their two children—Amy, sixteen, and Cosmo, about twelve—who have been living alone, with servants, in England, for five years. A baby, born in India, has been sent home in the care of a nurse, not long before the curtain rises. We see the home-coming, and it is rather a depressing affair. Amy (capitally done by Miss Beatrice Agnew) has been managing the household, and she is not altogether pleased because she will be no longer mistress. Cosmo, the boy, is a cold youngster, who objects to demonstrations of affection from his parents, and accepts his mother's kiss as a painful affliction. The Colonel, a bluff, hearty kind of man, laughs it off, but his wife, supposed to be forty, is almost heartbroken over the behavior of the cubs.

Mrs. Grey, who has been used to admiration all her life, kisses on the cheek the callow youth, Stephen Rollo, in a spirit of fun. This is accidentally witnessed by Amy, and immediately she flies to her bosom friend, Leonora Dunbar, and tells her that there is a tragedy impending, which she must prevent. She must "save" her mother. Now the author's subtle genius for satire comes into play, and he allows us to see that what

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A SCENE FROM "IN THE BISHOP'S CARRIAGE."

might be tragedy is nothing but comedy, although it is serious enough to some, at least, of the people on the stage.

Amy goes to Rollo's rooms at night, expecting to catch her mother, and is herself caught and forced to hide in a cupboard. Amy has been demanding from Rollo the "letters," saying naively that there are always "letters" in a case of this kind in all the plays she ever has seen. The bewildered Rollo suddenly finds himself with Colonel and Mrs. Grey in his room, with Amy hiding in the cupboard. A clever complication comes here. Mrs. Grey sees her daughter in the cupboard, and supposes her guilty of indiscretion. Her agony of fear that her husband will learn of the compromising situation of the young girl and the feminine tact she employs in getting Amy away are artistically brought out, both by the author and the actress, who is Miss Ethel Barrymore. Mrs. Grey learns afterward that her daughter has been working out a drama, with her mother as the unhappy heroine, and then Alice (which is Mrs. Grey's name), entering into the spirit of Amy's misunderstanding, with a keen enjoyment of its absurdity, suffers herself to be "saved," and all is well. Incidentally, Rollo is so taken by the young girl, Amy, that you can hear the echo of wedding bells in the future.

Alice Grey, the mother, has learned one important lesson since her home-coming, and that gives the title to the play. In a pretty speech at the end, she admits to her husband that, being now forty years of age, she must give way to the younger generation, and become Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire for the remainder of her life. Flirtations, balls and the frivolities of life are no longer for her. Her day for such things is past. It does not make her unhappy, however. She recognizes the inevitable law of nature, that youth must be served, and is content to sit quietly by the fire henceforth enjoying the happiness of her children.

The comedy is full of dainty touches and penetrating humor, and is

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A SCENE FROM "AS YE SOW," ONE OF THE NEW MELODRAMAS OF THE SEASON.

as wholesome as a play can be, in spite of the somewhat suggestive character of its principal motive. The treatment of the theme must be credited with this sweetness of savor.

Miss Barrymore, as the mother, never did anything better, not even in "Cousin Kate." The character of Alice Grey has that gravity, intermingled with roguishness, which Miss Barrymore conveys as perhaps no other actress on the English-speaking stage can. You cannot believe her forty years of age, so far as her appearance goes, although her manner has the subdued resignation which might be expected in a woman of those years who found herself suddenly confronted by a precocious brat like Cosmo, and an overpoweringly knowing young girl like Amy. The rich, musical voice of Miss Barrymore never revealed itself to greater advantage than in her thoughtful and sad acceptance of her future fate to be "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," with her husband for her only companion.

Bruce McRae is the husband. He looks soldierly and acts like a veteran, with a bluff soldier's slight knowledge of the complexities of the feminine nature. Miss Beatrice Agnew, as the girl, Amy, is always sure of herself, as an artist must be. In this by no means easy part Miss Agnew manages to bring out the young girl's point of view, with all its innocence and self-confidence, in so convincing a way, that her performance is something to be remembered probably long after the play itself is forgotten.

"As Ye Sow," a four-act drama, by the Rev. John Snyder, is a crude, poorly constructed affair, which will need a great deal of whipping into shape before it will become even fairly entertaining. There is a story of a minister falling in love with the wife of his brother, who is supposed to be dead, and of the brother turning up, to confound the lovers just as they are going into church to be married. Afterward, the husband goes to the Cuban war, and is killed, which enables the minister to marry the widow. This is the main thread of the plot of "As Ye Sow." In the hands of a man who knows anything about the

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stage it might have been worked over into a good drama. Probably W. A. Brady and Joseph R. Grismer, who produced the play, will go at it with an ax and hew it into shape eventually. When I saw it, I thought it unbearably tiresome and inconsequentially noisy.

Decidedly the redeeming feature of "As Ye Sow," as given at the Garden Theatre, was the excellent work of a diminutive girl, Olive Wright, who represented Little Katy, a five-year-old child. How such a mite ever learned the long part she had was a wonder, and her intelligent rendering was simply marvelous. Not only did she give full value to every word she uttered, but her bits of "business" were spontaneous, apparently. She was actually the Little Katy she was supposed to be. Even in a grown person such a performance would be commendable. In a mere baby it was almost a miracle.

Frank Gillmore, as the minister, was manly and pleasing, and Miss Charlotte Walker, as Dora Leland, the girl who had been married unhappily, and who was supposed to be the mother of Little Katy, was charming, as usual. Miss Marie Taylor did Mrs. St. John, a sweet, middle-aged woman, the mother of the young minister and his brother, effectively, but looked rather too young to be the parent of the world-worn brother, and Forrest Robinson, an old-timer, who, in the slang of the day, is always "there with the goods," maintained his reputation as the reformed crook, Steve Stetson.

"As Ye Sow" has been put on lavishly, and there is a rainstorm of real water in the second act that makes real puddles and keeps the actors dodging to get out of the wet.

Fritzi Scheff, in her new comic opera, "Mlle. Modiste," has scored a hit, and "The Babes and the Baron," a Shubert production at the Lyric, is saved by one notable feature, Fred Walton, an English pantomimist, who represents a wooden toy soldier so amusingly that he is the talk of the town.

Louis Evan Shipman's dramatization of Winston Churchill's novel, "The Crossing," was such a ludicrous failure that it was withdrawn after one week at Daly's Theatre. James J. Corbett in Bernard Shaw's "Cashel Byron's Profession," was the next offering at that historic playhouse.

Some other productions that I must leave till next month are Fay Templeton, in "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," at the New Amsterdam; "The Gingerbread Man," at the Liberty; Louis Mann and Clara Lipman, in "Julie Bonbon," at Fields' Theatre; Henrietta Crosman, in "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary" and "Madeline," at the Garrick; "Twiddle-Twaddle," at Joe Weber's Music Hall, and George W. Lederer's musical comedy, "Coming Thro' the Rye," at the Herald Square.

A WOMAN'S AGE

By Francis H. Lee

To hide her age a woman tries;
Ah! me, the dainty wee white lies
Madame will tell—excuse me, pray—
That she may cloak and not betray
This secret, dearest in her eyes.

If she says "forty," feign surprise.
"Impossible! Your face belies
Your words, dear madame," you should say.
"Not over thirty, not a day!"
She'll not be able otherwise
To hide her rage.

And if another woman pries
Into the secret, her replies
Are wondrous deep; she'll find a way
To hide her age.

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THREE-PIECE PROTECTION FOR UNDER-RUNNING THIRD RAIL.

TRAVELING BY ELECTRICITY

By A. L. Samson

Illustrated with wash drawings and special photographs.

WITHIN the next three years a magnificent new structure will replace the present Grand Central Station in East Forty-second street, which building, in spite of recent remodeling, is already a familiar landmark to resident New Yorkers and incoming travelers.

That this great railway terminal of the future with its adjacent post office are of unusual architectural importance, may be gathered from the fact that they are to cost in the neighborhood of three million dollars; but of far greater importance is the fact that they are to be the visible expression of a colossal and notable undertaking, viz.: the changing of the motor power of a vast railroad system, within a selected radius, from steam to electricity.

Since the actual depot structures reach into several millions, it is not surprising that the total cost of bringing about this change of motor force will reach the stupendous total of sixty million dollars.

It is calculated that forty-five thousand persons reach this city daily through the New York terminal at Forty-second street, by the New York Central and Hudson River R. R. Making a rough guess, at least forty thousand of these travelers are suburbanites who live within a radius of thirty to forty miles. When it is surmised that each of these individuals represent a householder and a home, the problem of protection and safekeeping becomes one of national importance.

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NEW POWER HOUSE ON HARLEM RIVER.

For a distance of two miles before entering the New York terminal all trains entering the city pass through the Park Avenue tunnel, a zone of danger from which until recently there appeared to be no redress. The steam and smoke from the locomotives obscure the signals and a series of accidents culminating in the rear collision not yet forgotten, of 1902, induced action by the public officials which finally took the form of a legislative act compelling a change of electric motive power to be made by the year 1908.

Work was at once begun to lay the foundations of a vast electric equipment which would comprise the company's principal passage lines out of New York City. The electric installation under present plans is being carried as far as South Croton on the railway's main Hudson line, a distance of thirty-four miles, and to North White Plains on the Harlem division, a distance of twenty-four miles out from the Grand Central depot. In other words, the same motor power and methods that are used in the Subway are to be employed on the New York central lines on a more gigantic and complex scale.

The work on broad lines is a change of motor power; in detail, it means the building of the New York depot, the enlargement of its track yards, the construction of power houses and signal stations, the lowering and raising of street grades, and the building of a large number of minor stations along the route of the electric zone. Inasmuch as where there are now four tracks there will be six and eight in order to completely separate through trains and suburban, the increase of space in the New York track yards was in itself a proposition of some magnitude. The city gave the New York Central right of way, and business buildings, residences, apartments, hospitals and churches were purchased and razed regardless of cost, in order to provide sufficient area for the accommodation of extra tracks.

This new suburban track yard is to be

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ARCHITECT'S WASH DRAWING OF NEW BRANCH POST-OFFICE BUILDING.

thirty-five feet below the level of the present yard and will require from fifteen to twenty feet of excavation. It is calculated that over 2,000,000 cubic yards of material, largely rock, will require removal. The depreciation of the surface yard will have an important influence upon neighboring property, for all the cross streets from Forty-fifth to Fifty-sixth streets, inclusive, and Park avenue, which under the present regime, are closed to traffic, are to be carried over the tracks by viaducts.

Throughout the entire electric zone, as a protection to the public, all grade street crossings are to be abolished. This will be accomplished at some points by means of overhead bridges, at others by carrying the streets under the elevated tracks. This is done more as a protection against the dangers of the frequent train service than against the terrors of the deadly third rail. What is termed an under-running protected third rail, impervious to ice, sleet and snow ,as well as out of sight and contact to the public is to be placed in service throughout the electric zone.

At some special locations overhead conductors will be used instead of the charged rail. In approaching such sections an ingenious contrivance will carry the "contact shoes" away from the third rail and will lift an overhead contact arm in place.

The frequent change from street level to overhead and the greater frequency of trains and stoppages will necessitate the building of a great number of new suburban stations along the route. A novel feature in the arrangement of these stations is the adoption of the high platforms—that is to say, the car platform and station platform are flush. This will do away with the tiresome stepping up and down, not to mention danger, and will greatly facilitate rapidity of passenger traffic.

While it is planned that most of the stations will be overhead, the new station designed for University Heights is an excellent model of the kind, there will be a number of station edifices on a level with the street.

The two great generating stations, one at Fordham and the other at Port Morris, both in course of construction, are important structures, and are to be the storage houses of the vast electric currents that are to control the new motor power. Each station has a main building 167 feet by 237 feet, 105 feet high, enclosing the generating rooms, boiler

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COUNTRY CROSSROADS WITH PROTECTED THIRD RAIL.

rooms and bunkers. The buildings are on the water edge in order to facilitate the handling of coal, of which, by the way, 250 tons a day will be consumed.

Besides these great generating storehouses, there are any number of sub-stations, cable stations, switch houses, signal stations and generating rooms. The changes from underground to overhead occur generally at sub-stations.

The motor cars will be similar to those in the New York Subway, but the actual locomotive is to be constructed in a new and special design. They are to be of unprecedented power. The passenger cars are to be constructed of structural steel and pressed steel shapes, the windows and door casings and frames and the mouldings are to be of pressed steel with fittings of fireproof material. Even the seats of the so-called "walk-over" type, are to be upholstered in fireproof rattan.

As far as New Yorkers and suburbanites are concerned the new Grand Central depot will be the salient architectural feature of the change in motor power. Upon the site of the present station will be built an entirely new depot and railroad office building, including a branch post office and facilities for the express companies.

The area to be covered by the terminal buildings is as follows: From Forty-second street north along Vanderbilt avenue to Forty-fifth street, a distance of 680 feet; thence east along Forty-fifth street, 625 feet to Lexington avenue; following that street south 460 feet to Forty-third street; thence west on Forty-third street 275 feet; thence south along Depew place to Forty-second street, and west 300 feet to the place of beginning. The buildings will be set back 40 feet from Forty-second street and 70 feet from Vanderbilt avenue, which with the street gives 140 feet of open space on Forty-second street and 130 feet on Vanderbilt avenue. The main entrance will be on Forty-second street, with side entrances and exits on Lexington avenue and Depew place. The central architectural feature of the main entrance will be three arches, each 33 feet wide and 60 feet high. Beyond will be the ticket office space, 90x300 feet. On the street level, adjoining the ticket office on the right, will be the outgoing baggage room, the contiguity of these two features being exceptionally convenient for the traveler. Adjoining is the gallery,

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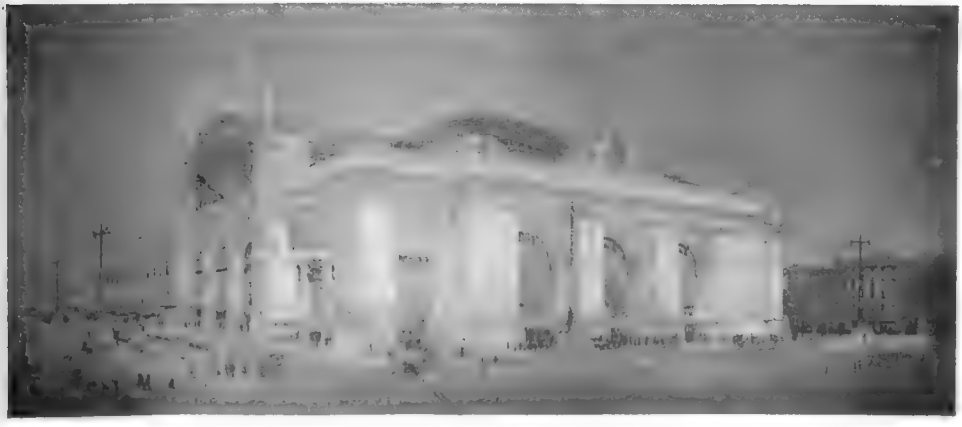
POWER STATION IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION AT YONKERS, N. Y.

overlooking the grand concourse, which will be on the level of the express tracks and will be reached from the gallery by four stairways, each 25 feet wide. The concourse itself will be the largest in the world, being 160 feet by 470 feet and 150 feet high, with wide entrances at each end from Madison and Lexington avenues, respectively. Adjoining the concourse will be the waiting rooms, telegraph offices, cafes, etc.

Separate entrances will be provided for the suburban passengers, with facilities for passing from one level to another.



NEW GRAND CENTRAL DEPOT, FROM ARCHITECT'S WASH DRAWING.

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OUR FATE IN THE STARS

By Edith M. Standiford

"It is the stars, the stars above us, govern our conditions."—(Act. III. Lear.)

THE wise men of "ye olden tyme" tell us there are twelve types of people, represented by the twelve signs of the Zodiac; the sun passing through one of these signs every month, and the planet governing that sign, is said to give the person born beneath its influence, certain characteristics as to appearance, disposition, talents, diseases, faults, etc.

As we know, the Sun and Moon rule the tides, and different plants in the vegetable kingdom thrive better under the moon's increase than its decrease. If the sun and moon affect these, why not mankind by the different forces in the air breathed and the conditions of air first inhaled at birth?

Astrology is a science as old as the stars, and long years ago before present astrologers were born, people had astrology in place of astronomy, the latter in these days called a popular fad.

If you are born between March 21 and April 19, your sign is Aries, and ruling planet is Mars, planet of war. You are very intellectual, good-natured, fond of arts, keen at reading human nature, hate manual labor, etc. Aries people make good soldiers, statesmen, originators, managers; are hot tempered but never hold malice.

The tall fair Aries is apt to be extravagant, the small dark one gains wealth; marriage wth a Libra proves most harmonious; motto should be "Dauntless." Mineral is iron. Some great persons under Aries are Bismarck, J. Pierpont Morgan, Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, Fanny Davenport, Margaret Oliphant. Luckstone is amethyst and guardian angel is Samael.

Our next sign, Taurus, rules from April 19 till May 20, and planet is Venus. Taurus individuals possess beauty, fascinating ways, strong memories, can be very stubborn and are generally controlled by emotions; not original, dislike to direct, but "work while they work, play when they play," fond of music, dancing and all outdoor games.

Should control their emotions, as many Taurus people are intemperate, jealous and fickle in love; in appearance are middle height, well-formed, thick neck, large eyes, hair black or else very golden. A Scorpio is the best mate for a Taurus. Motto is "Endurance."

Minerals are mixtures of Copper and Bronze. Angel is Azrael. Some great people born under Taurus are Mrs. Burton Harrison, Mme. Melba, Pope Pius IX., Chauncey Depew, Gen. Grant, Charles Cramp.

The sign from May 20 to June 21 is called Gemini, planet is Mercury. If you are a Gemini, you possess many friends, and are extremely intelligent, but lack continuity; have a sunny disposition and like to be always busy; in appearance are tall, graceful, with large beautiful eyes with that alertness of expression peculiar to Geminis, and you can be said to be very attractive rather than strictly beautiful; marriage with a Taurus will steady your nature, although you can mate happy with any sign. Mystic gem is Beryl. Motto is "Intellect." Angel is Hermes. Mineral is Quicksilver, to which your nature is often compared. Diseases are of chest and nerves. Well-known Gemini people are Bishop Potter, Josef Hoffman, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Helen Gould.

Those who are born beneath Cancer, June 21 to July 22, planet Moon, have great love of home and family, quiet natures, and will have many ups and downs during life, possess fertile imaginations, dramatic ability, are adaptable, discreet

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and independent. Women born under Cancer should not think too much of dress, but value honor more; are very sensitive, love society and like things of past. Luckstone is emerald: motto is "Tenacity." Mineral is silver. Angel is Gabriel. Some Cancer persons are: P. T. Barnum, John Wanamaker, Henry Ward Beecher, Frances Folsom Cleveland, Kate Sanborn. Cancer people should marry a Capricorn. In appearance Cancer persons are short of stature, broad shouldered, with mild eyes, pale skin.

From July 22 to August 22 is the warm-hearted, loving Leo. Planet is Sun. Leo people have strong love of home and children, are controlled by heart, and often imposed upon, but when provoked can be very furious for a time, then deeply repent; they possess great magnetism, like to plan rather than work and would die fighting for right.

In appearance have fine physique, fair-haired, very handsome with features resembling Apollo; can hold very high positions in life. Marriage with Aquarius would insure best happiness; luckstone is Ruby. Mineral is gold. Angel is Michael. Disease is heart trouble. Notable Leo people are Mary Anderson Navarro, Mrs. John A. Logan, Julia Marlowe, Napoleon Bonaparte, Russell Sage, Benjamin Harrison. Motto is "Compassion."

Virgo, August 22 to September 23. Planet Mercury. Virgo characters have great love of detail, order, music, fine arts, etc., and excel as chemists, doctors, lawyers, ministers, writers, etc. They are fine reasoners, worship high position, and interest themselves in others' affairs, being extremely critical at times.

Chief fault is imagining they are sickly, not strong looking but wiry and the strongest sign of the twelve. For marriage Virgos can marry a Taurus, Pisces or Capricorn; generally marry twice. Luckstone is Jasper. Motto is "Chastity." Mineral is Quicksilver. Angel is Hermes. Notable Virgo people are Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Queen Elizabeth, Julia Magruder, King Edward VII, Admiral Schley.

Libra Sept. 23 to Oct. 23. Planet Venus. If born beneath this beautiful Venus influence, you possess beauty of face and form, sparkling eyes, sunny nature and a merry laugh. Libra men and women have great intuition and foresight, with good sound judgment, well-balanced nature as to faults and virtues, should always follow first impressions.

There are three types of Libras, speculators, merchants and professional men, and in appearance are both dark and fair, but generally brown-haired, with intense blue eyes. Marriage with a Aries or Aquarius is best. Luckstone is Diamond. Motto is "Intuition." Minerals are Copper and Brass. Angel is Azrael. Diseases are liver, bladder and dyspepsia. Libra people are Sarah Bernhardt, Helena Modjeska, Frances Willard, George Westinghouse, Mark Hanna.

Scorpio, October 23 to November 22. Planet Mars. These people are proud, haughty, strong-willed characters, possessing keen judgment and inventive thoughts, and like everyone to think their way. They make our best chemists, surgeons, nurses, etc., are hard to understand, for they are often known to laugh at the misfortunes of others.

Scorpio are fond of ocean travel, are careless about dress, in appearance are of middle or tall stature, robust, with dark skin, hair and eyes. Disease is heart trouble. Should marry Libra or Capricorn. Motto is "Determination." Luckstone in Topaz. Angel is Samael. Mineral is Iron. Celebrated Scorpio people are Theodore Roosevelt, Robert L. Stevenson, George Eliot, Paderewski, Maude Adams, Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

Sagittarius, November 22 to December 21. Planet Jupiter. If Sagittarius is your sign, you possess good self-control, are bold, lively, generous, sympathetic and outspoken. You like all outdoor sports, animals, like to hunt, have mechanical ability, are loving and steadfast in love.

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Sagittarius people can be called "Jacks of all trades," being so handy at mending and making. In appearance are tall, well-formed, high forehead, ruddy complexion, hazel eyes, Grecian nose and sunny brown hair. Diseases are of nerves from overwork. Mystic gem is Carbuncle. Marry Aries or Leo. Mineral is Tin. Angel is Zadkiel. Motto is "Activity." Notable people are Lillian Russell, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Andrew Carnegie, Henry Frick, Mark Twain, Gen. Custer, Gen. Buller, Richard Croker.

Capricorn, December 21 to January 20. Planet Saturn. In disposition Capricornians are cool, and collected, not fond of showing sentiment, love luxurious things, have few friends and care for few, very industrious, patient, for the planet Saturn means "your nose to the grindstone" through life. Capricorn people love solitude and become very melancholy at times, the men are good in the commercial world and at head of hotels or large institutions, etc. In appearance are small, dark-haired, pale faced and have a bad walk. These people often live till 90 and their best luck is every seventh year. Marry a Cancer, Sagittarius or Scorpio. Luckstone is White Onyx. Mineral is Lead. Angel is Cassiel. Capricorn people are Olga Nethersole, Lucretia Mott, Rudyard Kipling, Admiral George Dewey, William E. Gladstone, Daniel Webster. Motto is "Understanding."

Aquarius, January 20 to February 19, planets Herschel and Saturn. Aquarius people are capable of great things, but have to be aroused into action, are changeable in regard to standards of belief, everything must be proved to them; they like admiration, possess good tact, but worry over trifles and are inquisitive. In appearance are robust, ruddy complexion, attractive and beautiful. Diseases are from the nerves. Luckstone is Sapphire. Motto is "Human Nature." Mineral is Lead. Angel is Kronos. Marriage with a Leo or Libra for happiness. Aquarius people are Adelina Patti, Annie Jenness Miller, Anna Shaw, Li Hung Chang, Charles Dickens, Abraham Lincoln, Alice Roosevelt.

Pisces, February 19 to March 21. Planets Neptune and Jupiter. Pisces men and women are great searchers for knowledge; being very studious and learned; are logical and positive in opinions, although possessing a sweet, loving disposition. They lack self-confidence more than any other sign; have strong ideas of justice and will hold on to an opinion with bull-dog tenacity. Pisces persons are too impulsive in making attachments and are kind and loving to all, working their fingers to the bone for those they love, never thinking of their own selves for a moment.

They are restless, fond of excitement and travel and they worry and cry too much, which comes from over-work. In appearance have large faces, pale complexion, large dreamy eyes that remind one of a blue lake, are short in stature, with brown hair and blue eyes. Mystic gem is Glittering Chrysolite. Angel is Zeus. Motto is "Peace." Marry a Virgo, Taurus or Gemini. Mineral is Tin. Notable people are George Washington, Grover Cleveland, "Buffalo Bill," Voltaire, William Jennings Bryan, Ellen Terry, Isabel Irving, Rosa Bonheur.

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MME. MARIE RAPPOLD AS SULAMITH, IN GOLDMARK'S QUEEN OF SHEBA, THE GRAND OPERA ROLE IN WHICH SHE ACHIEVED A BRILLIANT SUCCESS.

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FROM THE CONCERT STAGE TO GRAND OPERA

By Marie Rappold

Illustrated with Special Photograph.

EVERY girl with a good voice and a temperament has a hankering for the operatic stage. This is quite a natural ambition. From her earliest childhood the girl with a voice is the object of much spoiling and oftentimes injudicious flatteries. Her little head becomes filled to repletion with distorted ideas of her own importance. She is brought forward on every occasion, and it does not take long before she realizes that the accident of a voice gives her the privilege of wielding a tyrannical sway over her family, her schoolmates and even strangers.

As a matter of fact, a voice is a gift that can never be hidden. It is bound to be discovered and brought forward to notice and its possessor, unless carefully guarded, is apt to sacrifice herself, her home and her family as victims to what is called "her career." It is impossible to enumerate the follies and monstrous sins of selfishness that are committed in the name of a career. I actually dread to see a girl endowed with the accident of some special gift, so situated, that her environment, her home, her family, her friends, are merely a background to her supposed genius. Stupendous sacrifices are made for this white swan of the family. She is treated as a creature apart, exempt from the sordid economies of her brothers and sisters. A mortgage is put upon the home in order to send her abroad and obtain for her at any price the most costly and oftentimes the least conscientious of vocal masters. But, alas! the hoped-for triumphs of the future never arrive; the girl's voice for some reason or other does not fulfil expectations. With a few rare exceptions the old story is repeated. She returns after a lapse of fruitless, ill-spent years, broken down in spirit, and oppressed with a knowledge of failure that overshadows the rest of her life.

I take the right of speaking in this way because as an American girl with a voice, I have had the good fortune to escape so many of the pitfalls that have tripped my sisters in art. If there is anything that can be of interest in my career to those who are ambitious to sing in grand opera, it is the fact that I have received my musical training in America and that I made my debut in the most important opera house in this country in competition with foreign artists. The astonishingly kind reception accorded to a stranger without reputation or prestige, refutes once and forever, the argument that an American girl has no encouragement in her own country until endorsed by a European reputation.

The trouble is that young American singers depend upon their nationality and its patriotic appeal to a native audience rather than a thorough artistic training, and those years of apprenticeship which the foreign artist expects as a matter of course before an attempt is made to sing a big repertoire in the vast spaces of a great opera house.

It must be remembered that conditions in this country are altogether different from those of Continental Europe. There are no small opera houses in which a young singer can gradually develop her repertoire and her voice after finishing her studies with her vocal instructor. If she appears in opera at all, that is to say, if the opportunity should be offered to her, it must be under conditions that are anything but favorable to a voice that has not reached its full experience and maturity.

The Metropolitan Opera House, in spite of its excellent acoustics, is not what I should call an ideal environment for a young voice. The orchestral force is too big, the auditorium is too large, the chorus too overwhelming. It is but natural for an inexperienced singer to make an

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effort to reach the highest gallery without the knowledge that comes later on, that to *carry* is better than to force. Many a beautiful young voice has been completely wrecked through the ambition of making a big debut in a big role without the preliminary development of attempting the small things first. I have in mind a young American girl with a voice of exquisite *timbre,* who was heard for a few seasons, and whose beautiful art seems to have reached a death as tragically premature as that of Juliette.

In my opinion the best and safest preparation in this country for grand opera is the concert stage. In fact, it is the one test that rarely fails. As I said before, a voice is never hidden, and a girl who, after completing her studies finds it impossible to obtain lucrative engagements, and who is not able to win her first laurels through her concert bookings, may be pretty well convinced that she is not destined to win those far more difficult laurels of the lyric stage.

The concert stage gives certainty, poise and an absolute reliance upon the knowledge one has acquired. There are no scenic accessories, no convenient chorus, no strenuous leader with an obedient orchestra to disguise a multitude of sins. The singer must depend upon herself and what she really knows. If her work is without a foundation, she is brought to shame in the simplest of lyrics. I am speaking from experience. Until this last wonderful season, my only public appearances have been on the concert stage and in oratorio. I have been accustomed to use my voice with and without orchestra, in small and large auditoriums, in Madison Square Garden, in the Vereins of a German musical club. I do not know of any other training that could have prepared me for my appearance in grand opera in so trying a role as Sulamith (the Queen of Sheba) without further preparation that the study of the role and a few weeks of dramatic coaching.

As a matter of fact, I was singing at the Schiller celebration in Brooklyn when Mr. Conried heard me and after the concert entered into negotiations for my appearance in the role of Sulamith. It was of course a wonderful experience, but I had no further hope of success save acquitting myself of my work without bringing discredit upon my teacher and the honored organization of which I was a member. I was trembling with fear until I sang my first note. After I heard my own voice, I became mistress of myself. In oratorio I had become accustomed to a chorus accompaniment, and during my years of concert work, singing with the orchestra had become second nature. After my first musical phrase, I realized with delight that the acoustics were such that I was able to carry my voice to the furthest corner of the house. After that, the thought of success or failure did not enter my mind. I only knew that I had been thoroughly grounded in my role, and I was absolutely free from nervousness. When, the next morning, I received the assurance that "Sulamith" was more of a success than even Mr. Conried had hoped, I felt proud that I was a Brooklyn girl who had been trained by an American teacher. That was the best triumph of it all, for it proved that girls with a voice are not obliged to sacrifice so much for an education abroad, and that an American audience is as willing to endorse an American singer as a prima donna as a foreigner of great reputation.

Without any credit to myself, I was born with a promising voice and surrounded by a peculiarly fortunate home environment. I was one of a musical and singing family. Of German parentage music was as much a part of our daily nourishment as our three meals a day. As soon as I was old enough to know that my voice was attracting attention, I nourished a secret desire to prepare for grand opera, but I received no encouragement from my father who announced his intentions of having me trained for the church choir. I was perhaps sixteen years of age when I was put in charge of a teacher who had a great vogue as a vocal instructor. To this teacher I confided my ambitions and it was not long before he began coaching me in heavy Wagnerian roles. Within a short time I began singing in concert and was fairly launched

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in my career, when fortunately my marriage to Dr. Rappold cut short my ambitions and my faulty singing before my voice had been injured.

After my marriage I began my vocal studies under Mr. Otto Saenger, of New York. He started from the beginning and laid the foundation of a training that has given me an absolute certainty of technique. This did not come about in one year or two. I studied assiduously for seven years, and during three or four years of that time I had been appearing constantly in concert.

My desire to appear in opera had not lessened, and last summer I had determined to go abroad and seek an engagement in one of the small opera houses of Germany. I hoped in the course of time to return to America with a reputation and a chance to be heard in New York, but fate decided otherwise. My operatic debut was made under the happiest auspices in my own country, a stone's throw from my birthplace.

Does this not prove conclusively that American girls can be, and should be, trained in their own country? The right teacher is as difficult to find in Paris as in New York. He is always a needle in a haystack, as easily missed as found. The right spirit must be within the girl herself. There are as many social temptations in Berlin or Paris as in Boston or New York. The girl must go about her training with a determination to concentrate her energies upon her work. She must be ready to make many sacrifices for the sake of her voice, and then she must be willing to accept the little things of art in an humble and thankful spirit, before expecting that the big opportunities will come her way; but when they do come she must be ready for them.

ALINE

By B. W. Whiteside

Passing splendor of flaming west,
A moment's hush, and a long gray rest—
One day is dead, and we loved it best,
Aline.

Pitiful waste—does it comfort thee,
All the to-morrows that are to be?
This is gone that was dear to me,
Aline.

Another rose at the dead one's side,
Flushes red in the summertide,
But we loved, alas, the rose that died,
Aline.

Friends are vanished that youth held dear,
They pass and change with the passing year,
Does't comfort thee there are new ones here,
Aline?

Summer's glory is overhead,
But the friend and the day and the blossom red,
That we loved most fondly, alas, are dead,
Aline.

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RAMANATHAN.

A DISTINGUISHED INDIAN SCHOLAR AND LAWYER VISITING THIS COUNTRY.

AN AMERICAN SCHOOL OF EASTERN SOUL CULTURE.

Interview with P. Ramanathan

King's Counsel, Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, Solicitor General of Ceylon.

"WHEN it came to pass that an invitation to cross the waters that divide my country from America reached me in the seclusion of my home at Colombo, Island of Ceylon, I took my staff in my hands, metaphorically speaking, and prepared with gladness to enter the portals of this great, unknown country. I came not only as a friend who might venture to speak on the spiritual truths, experi-

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enced by an older nation, but as a student eager and anxious to carry back to my own people those other truths that give vigor and prosperity to the young giants of the Western hemisphere—the energy that is essentially the genus of this extraordinarily virile country.

One of the letters that reached me could not fail to be of deep significance to the thinker. It came from the Monsalvat School for the Comparative Study of Religion, a small band of earnest men and women who gather yearly for a summer conference in their beautiful camping grounds at Green Acre on-the-Piscataqua in the pine forests of Maine. By these brothers and sisters in a strange land I was requested to deliver a series of addresses using their own Bible as a text book.

As a matter of fact, it was my deep reverence for and study of the Christian Scripture that drew me with special interest and longing toward those powerful nations that recognize its teachings as the fibre of their spiritual development. I am well aware that it is the custom, even amongst the most cultured and liberal of the Eastern races to view with indifference any teachings less ancient than our own sacred books. It is even the habit of those Eastern instructors who are established in this country, to employ as means of spiritual growth toward those who place themselves under their guidance, not only the philosophy of our country, but in many cases, an attempt to master its linguistic difficulties. This is an evil that is fraught with tremendous danger. I maintain most strenuously that in the language and traditions of a nation lie the strength and prosperity of its people. These should be upheld, strengthened and imbedded as the cornerstone of the building, without which it will crumble and fall into decay however fair and glorious it may appear.

As is the fashion in our country nowadays for the wealthy and cultured classes, I had exceptional opportunities of acquiring the English language and the Western brand of thought as well as being brought in touch with the best English society. The mind of the Indian student turns naturally toward the spiritual and invisible. The material prosperity of English speaking nations is self-evident in their continual growth and increasing authority, but beneath this material development lies a stratum of spiritual vitality that expresses itself in a loyalty to what is termed "duty." I determined to master their great text book of spiritual ethics, the Bible. "Since it has inspired so many countless millions," I reasoned, "it must assuredly contain a divine essence equal to that of our own sacred books." I began its study as an unprejudiced Indian scholar seeking for truth and truth only. My attitude was that of the miner in a country of precious ore, who conscientiously scans every foot of ground he traverses, determined that no glimmer of gold shall escape his searching eye. In the end he is generally the man who finds the gold mine, and even if he merely accumulates his riches grain by grain, nugget by nugget, he is bound to find himself in possession of more wealth than the man who is too indifferent or too lazy to endure the hardships of prospecting.

I was amply rewarded in my search for spiritual truths in the Bible, but to my amazement and grief, when I continued my studies by comparing the commentaries of Biblical theologians, I was lost in a labyrinth of conflicting arguments.

To me living so far apart in my quiet library from all sectarian controversies, it seemed so beautifully clear and simple, I was dumbfounded that one could err. By degrees there came about me a little band of English and American enthusiasts who took delight in studying the Scripture; in time my commentaries on the Gospel of St. John and St. Matthew were published in book form. Necessarily, we expected a limited circulation. A book of so serious a nature possesses no claims to popularity, but it was passed from hand to hand. It was the means of my becoming known to the little summer colony gathered for spiritual enlightenment in the pine woods of Maine. In truth one has but to seek to find. As the bee in a garden of flowers alights upon the flower

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laden with honey, so from distant America, across the oceans, came now and then the seeker who seemed to find in my humble study the honey for which he sought. There comes no deeper joy to the heart of the teacher than the knowledge that his sorely wrested experiences are sweet to the taste of those who hunger and thirst.

In this way I learned that America, that country of tremendous financial movements, of massive stone structures, of all that invention can lend to modern civilization, was also a country of extraordinary energy and vitality in the search of spiritual truths. I learned that in no country of the world were there so many churches, each one representing an effort to worship the infinite in accordance with individual experience. It seemed to me that this new world of young thought and boundless energy could teach something to my own people who had fallen into the other extreme of a spiritual condition that expresses itself in over-retirement and an over-passive existence. True harmony is brought about by an exquisite balancing of the spiritual and material—of the visible and the invisible.

For another and more important cause my heart responded to the summons that brought me to America. For years I have watched with dismay the tendency of our Indian youth to adopt the customs and manners of English civilization. These young men return from English universities aliens to the language and traditions of their country, having absorbed only the gross materalism and sordid bickerings after wealth of a foreign country without its national backbone and patriotism. An Englishman preserves his racial prerogative with jealous care; therein lies his strength. With fear and trembling for the preservation of my people, I see our young men—the flower of our youth—take pride in cultivating the vices of English materialism under the guise of Western culture and modern broadmindedness. In a recent address delivered to the students of Ananda College, the chief college of the Buddhists in Ceylon, I made an earnest protest in no measured terms against this increasing denationalization of my people. In the Buddhists' Pali language, India is the country known as *Amatapadam* or *Nirvana*. We are deeply religious; we live for another country, the country that is invisible. But if our rising generation, through a deliberate self-corruption, renounce this precious heritage, on what foundation shall we stand?

To stem the tide of this evil as much as lay in the power of one man, I determined to use my resources for the foundation and endowment of a national university, where the youth of my land could receive the English M. A. and be trained at the same time in the religion and traditions of their heritage. This is now my life work and for this reason I hail with joy the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the educational institutions and methods of America.

I came here to learn, but strange to say, I have been asked to remain as a teacher. In every city where I have spoken in the churches of various denominations open to receive me, I have used but one text book and that the Bible, and I have found large numbers of earnest and eager listeners.

It is wonderfully significant of Western energy applied to spiritual issues, that it has already been proposed that I should open a school as a centre where your great Book, the Bible, could be expounded in the light of Eastern soul knowledge (culture). A school of Christian ethics free from sectarianism and controversy. It is so often forgotten that Jesus was an Oriental versed in the lore of the East and that He spoke in the language and symbols of His people. The spiritual meaning is unveiled only to those who lift the veil through a series of spiritual experiences.

The proposition is one that brings this country and its people close to me, in view of that closer relationship known only to the teacher and pupil, to the father and child. It would indeed be a glorious consummation of Western energy if it brought a renewal of life to our Eastern spiritualism, and if to your great material prosperity were grafted the beautiful fruitage of spiritual aspirations. This is my dream of an American School of Eastern Soul Culture."

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THE MIRACLE OF SUNSET HOLLOW

By Anna Marble

WHEN Steve Sears in a drunken fury struck his wife across the eyes with the lash end of a horsewhip, and sobered up to find that the blow had left her stone blind, he thought it expedient to leave town.

They were after him next morning bright and early, too, as soon as they had the news from Jabe Morgan. He was the nearest neighbor, and his wife took milk from the "Sears's." Jabe came riding through the village and told the boys how his little girl Cely had found Nev Sears moaning and rocking, with her apron over her head, to hide the livid stripe that had cost her sight.

"He must'a cut out fer the hills, lickity split," some one opined, when they failed to get him.

The hollow was embraced by a circle of dark hills, none of them very high as Western hills are measured, but so incleft with crevices as to afford ample hospitality when spirited occasion demanded—as it did, not infrequently.

After three days and as many nights of searching, the "committee" gave it up, and returned to post up notices offering a reward for his capture, but Steve had dropped out as effectually as though the earth had opened and swallowed him.

Then they began to look after his wife.

Buck Emery, the sheriff, rode into Winnemucca for the doctor, and the Morgans did what they could to make her comfortable. You might have supposed she would be helpless thereafter, but she wasn't. Nevada Sears had borne physical discomfort for too many years not to be able to adjust herself to its crowning curse. Within a week she was working about the place with almost her accustomed routine. One of the Morgan boys brought in her kindling wood, and Cely swept for her, and did whatever the woman's affliction had rendered impossible in the way of chores.

When the doctor saw her, he said it was "no use"; that Steve had "done for her," and then they tried to persuade her to go back to Winnemucca and hunt up her relatives there. She wouldn't listen to it. She told Sheriff Emery that she had enough to live on in her own name in Winnemucca bank, and she owned her little two-story house besides, and she was going to stay right there, and she stayed.

Some folks said she wanted to wait for Steve, thinking maybe he might come back some day, but it would not have been wise for him to return.

In the ten years that passed thereafter, more than one traveler found refuge in the surrounding hills, but Steve Sears did not come back.

The sheriff used to declare with vigorous melancholy: "Them hills, durn 'em! is demoralizin' to this hyar community. Ef it warn't for their er-proximenence, ther' mought be a chanst ter reform well meanin' cusses with a hankerin' arter horse hide; but with Natur', as you might say, aidin' and abettin' 'em with rock crevices, I reckon it tain't sich an all-fired wonder that Sunset Holler owns the horse thievin' record for Humboldt County!"

Buck Emery's wrath was held within the dignified bounds of his official obligation on most of the varying occasions when he rode forth at the head of a posse, but there were no confines to his mood on the morning of his discovery that White Pearl, his own mare, was missing from his string.

He had bought the horse at an exchange in Reno six years before, after bidding for her with an almost ruinous recklessness. Her black garter was the only bit of color she wore, and the sheriff was as proud of her white beauty as a lover of his lady's fairness.

With a suite of some fifteen or twenty husky followers, the sheriff started in pursuit of the thief, declaring with all

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the colloquial profanity at his command, as he swung himself into the saddle, that he would retake his favorite mare if he had to "raze the d—— hills to get her!"

On the evening of the day when it was discovered that White Pearl had been stolen, Cely Morgan was scrubbing the floor in the kitchen of her blind neighbor. Cely had grown into lanky young womanhood, albeit her face was pretty in a negative way.

"Hev you hyeerd what time she wuz took?" inquired Mrs. Sears, leaning forward in her rocking chair and apparently fixing her sightless eyes on the young girl's face.

"No marm," replied Cely, pausing to wring out the floor cloth and raising a bare arm to brush back a fallen lock from her temple.

From the small shiny stove a dancing stream of red firelight played on the woman's features, causing the jagged white scar across her face to distort her expression grotesquely.

"Paw sez they must er took the hoss in the night. It weren't much arter sun-up when the posse started."

"Seems ez though sheriff's alluz got his hands full," observed Mrs. Sears as she rocked backward and forward rhythmically, only pausing when Cely rose and walked across the floor to empty her pail.

"You a'goin' now?" she asked then.

"Yes, marm; I reckon I'm 'bout through. Anythin' else you want?"

She set the empty pail under the kitchen sink, and dried her bare arms on the roller towel.

"No, no, nothin' else, Cely." Mrs. Sears began to rock backward and forward again. It's to-morrer's yer birthday, ain't it?" she asked, with a softening of the hard lines in her face.

"I'll be seventeen," said Cely, thrusting a long pin through her faded straw hat.

"Seventeen—seventeen—why, that's beau time, pretty near, ain't it?"

The young girl turned her head as though the blind woman's eyes—full turned upon her—could see the quick red in her cheeks.

"I got a little rememberance up in the chist o' drawers," went on Mrs. Sears. "You go up thar, Cely. Git the key off'n the nail behind the clock. There's a box—you'll see it directly. It's got shells pasted on the cover. Jist open it and take out a pair o' bracelets—you'll see. They—they wuz giv' to me—"

The woman stopped for a moment and then continued more quickly—"They wuz giv' to me a long time back and—and maybe you'll like ter wear 'em."

Cely murmured embarrassed thanks and ran up the short flight of steps to the floor above. Mrs. Sears rocked and rocked, straining her ears for the sound of the girl's returning step.

"They wuz considered elegant in my time," she said as Cely crossed over to examine the jewelry under the lamplight. They were heavy old-fashioned bands of gold with a pattern in black enamel and fringed ends of the woven metal.

"Oh, they're just what I ben a'wishin' fer!" exclaimed the young girl raptly.

Mrs. Sears smiled grimly. "Won't do no use for me to talk agin courtin' days," she said. "Them as ain't a tried it haster, some time, I reckon. You be keerful o' the men, tho,' Cely. They're mostly cattle, I ken tell yer!"

"I hope some's better'n others," replied Cely, simpering and trying on the bracelets.

"Yes, an' every woman thinks her man's the one," retorted the blind woman, still rocking so that the creak of her chair kept time with the clock's loud tick.

"Good night, Marm," the young girl turned to the door.

"Good night, good night!"

"I'm kindly obleeged ter you, Marm. fer the present."

Mrs. Sears heard the wooden gate slam at the end of the walk. She sat with her sightless eyes turned toward the flickering firelight, and continued to rock backward and forward, keeping time with the clock "ticks." Once she drew a sigh, and then—after a while she arose and groped her way toward the kitchen door in order to let down the wooden bolt. She "felt" along the panels until her thin, sensitive fingers touched the wooden bar; then she raised both arms

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to lift it—when a sudden weight against the door threw her back violently, and a man bolted into the room.

"Who is it?" she called out.

He made no reply, but pushing her aside with one arm, shut the door and seized and let down the bolt with the other. Then he blew out the light.

She had never lost the sense of distinguishing light from darkness. And she heard him extinguish the flame.

"What's the matter? Who are yer?" Her voice took on a shrill pitch as terror seized her. She could hear him panting heavily in the darkness.

"Shut up!" he whispered hoarsely, "they're after me! Don't scream—I won't hurt yer. Hide me some place till they go by. Sh-h! For God's sake, shut up! D'ye hear!"

Mrs. Sears clung to the kitchen table for support. It was the horse thief, then!

"Yer can't stay here," she said, trembling in every limb. "Yer couldn't stay here!"

"I must stay here I tell yer!" he answered, "and don't you make no fuss about it,—they'll be gone in half an hour, and I'll git quick enough then, y'c'n bet yer saddle!"

Above the beating of her heart she could hear the faint clatter of horses' hoofs far down the road.

Nev Sears gripped the table with all the strength of her spare body.

"I can't help yer none," she pleaded with increasing terror. "I can't help yer none—I'm blind—stun blind."

He made a queer throaty sound like a smothered laugh, but did not reply. The noise of hoof beats grew in volume as the seconds fled. The woman leaned forward and groped for the matches on the kitchen table.

"Light the lamp," she told him, "if you want ter git away frum here alive, d'ye hear?"

"What d'ye mean?" he asked, staring through the square aperture of the kitchen window down the moonlit road.

"I keep it aburnin' all night an' ef they don't see no light they'll reckon ther's somethin' wrong w'th me. They-'ll turn in here fer sartin soon's they strike the bend in the road."

He whipped out a match and struck it against the leather of his breeches with an oath. When he had re-lighted the lamp, he bent out of the window and drew in the shutters noiselessly, great drops of cold sweat falling upon his hands as he did so.

"You'd better leave now, by the front way," she urged. "Ye better not stop here."

"I know my ground," he snarled surlily. "They won't come here. It's the last place they'd look fer me, by G——! the last—place!" He laughed queerly and stared into her sightless face turned toward him in the lamp glare.

The horsemen came down the road at full gallop, and the listeners held their breath.

"Who-a-a-!"

Mrs. Sears knew the voice of Buck Emery. They heard the footfall of heavy boots against the gravel of the walk.

"When they rap at the door, say ye're in bed; d'ye hear?" whispered the thief into the blind woman's ear.

Her face was rigid and white as chalk. Against the door her ghastly shadow wavered as she stared straight before her at the round ball of flame within the lamp.

The butt end of a whip against the door sent her heart into her throat, and the man wiped the sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand.

They did not move.

When the rap was repeated he caught her roughly by the wrists and she faltered:

"Who's thar, and what is it yer want?"

"It's me, Mis Sears!" rang out the sheriff's reply.

"Buck Emery!" exclaimed the man in an undertone, and his grasp of the blind woman's arm tightened like a vise. "Go on," he whispered, "tell him, tell him yer abed."

The rapping at the door became more insistent, and the horse thief's fingers pressed brutally into the flesh of her thin arm. He heard her moan, and thought it was from pain.

"Well, say it then, I tell yer! Say it!" he screamed in a whisper. But she made no sound and he felt her body stiffen

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as she bent her head forward in the direction of the lamp. She moaned again, and he swore at her under his breath as the voices outside became excited and louder.

"Open the door!" demanded the sheriff. "What's the matter, Mis Sears —why don't ye open the door?" and a chorus repeated his words, "open the door! Let us in!"

And now, suddenly, with a strength so unexpected that it startled him, Nevada Sears wrenched her hand free from the grasp of the horse thief and flung his arm aside as though it had been that of a child.

"Good God!" she groaned hysterically, "good God!—I can—I can—SEE THE LAMP!"

She dropped to her knees on the floor and extended both arms to the light. Then the hand of the man stole around swiftly to his hip pocket, and his face went gray as she turned her eyes full upon him.

"Ef ye don't open the door, Mis Sears, we'll hev to bust it in," yelled Emery from without.

Under the yellow lamp ray the man stood with his revolver levelled at the head of the kneeling woman.

"Put down yer gun, Steve," she whispered, "I knowed it was you— I knowed yer voice!"

She foresaw his unbelief, and replied to it quickly:

"Did ye think I'd giv you up?" she whispered fiercely, struggling to her feet and pressing her hands over her eyes. His arm dropped to his side, and she turned quietly to the door. "Buck Emery," she called out in a clear, shrill voice, "Buck Emery, ef you gents kin hold yer hosses for a minute, I'll let you-all in."

Somebody laughed, and she seized Steve Sears by the arm and pushed him along with his back to the wall.

"What're goin' to do?" he muttered. He knew that he could trust her.

"Keep yer shadow from showing through the chinks," she explained and then thrust him swiftly into the clothes-closet behind the flowered curtain. For an instant she stood there covering her eyes with her hand again, and muttering: "My God! My God! It's all come back to me again!" I can see—I can see the room!" Then she crossed to the door and flung it wide open.

"Come in, you men!" she called out. "Ain't this a queer time o' day to do yer visitin'?"

There was a laugh again, and Emery stepped into the kitchen.

"We're a-lookin' for a hoss fancier, Marm," he said. "Sorry we had to trouble yer ter git up and tog out, but Jabe Morgan's gal was a-standin' by her gate talkin' to Wally Simms, and the young folks 'lowed they seen a party turn the bend a-leadin' a light colored mare by a string, not ten minutes ago."

Nev Sears raised her hand to her eyes. "Thet's a mighty strange thing," she said. "Do you know et twarn't ten minutes ago that I heerd somethin' that sounded like a horse's neigh. You know I ain't kept a horse for—not sence—a good many years, and I reckoned it mus' be the ghost of old Nancy, for I could a' sworn her whinny come from the old stall in the barn!"

Without another word the sheriff turned on his heel and made for the barn door. Then men tramped after him, and Mrs. Sears picked up the lamp from the table and held it high in the doorway, throwing a broad patch of light down the path.

A shout from the sheriff's posse told her that she had guessed aright.

Emery returned leading White Pearl by the bridle.

One of the men took the lamp from the woman's trembling hand, and held it while they examined the horse.

"All right!" announced the sheriff at last. "Here, Wally, you take her back to my place. Come along, boys." He swung into the saddle of a sturdy brown mare and drew up the reins. "We're more'n obleeged, Mrs. Sears," he called, patting the restless animal's neck. "I reckon we about know whar he's lit out fer. Good-night!"

"Good-night, Marm. 'Night, Mis Sears," rang out from the rest of the horsemen, as they went up the road at a rapid canter.

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Young Sims, astride of White Pearl, held her at the gate until the others had gone. "Mis Sears, Marm," he called back, as she turned into the house carrying the lamp, "be yer nervous or skeert ? I thought ye might like me ter go after Cely Morgan—"

"No, no, Wally," she called back, "I'm agoin' back ter bed, thankee."

For five long minutes Mrs. Sears waited, peering through the chinks of the shutters into the roadway beyond. Then she crossed to the curtain and flung it back.

"Come out, Steve," she said quietly. "They're gone by the way uv Sunset Crevice."

He waited to reload his revolver, then thrusting it into his pocket, he slunk out of the house without a word.

She watched his dark figure in the moonlight until it blended with the shadows at the bend of the road. Then she faltered across the room and sank into the rocking-chair, covering her eyes with both her hands.

Cely Morgan found her that way in the morning, almost as she had found her ten years before. When Cely told the neighbors about it, she said:

"Pore Mis Sears! She was a-moanin' and a-rockin' fer joy because Emery's posse skeered back her sight agin!"

BORES WE KNOW

The Superior Person

By M. A Brady

THE Proverbs of Solomon contain many wise and pertinent remarks on the subject of fools; Billy Shakespeare, later on, enriched our literature by thinking a few thunks on the same subject, but if Solly and Billy were to be reincarnated and live in this year of grace, we think they would collaborate and the price of ink soar upward by leaps and bounds.

'Tis true that kings have ever amused themselves with the prattle of the court fool, but, alas! theamusing fool of history is a rare bird, extinct like the dodo. The only breed with which we of our age are familiar is the plain fool or, in other words, a bore—and of all bores, the Superior Person is the most objectionable.

She it is, who, when we are preparing in innocent glee to chortle forth the inspiring strain of "Won't you come home, Bill Bailey?" wrinkles a fastidious little nose and inquires, softly, "Do *You* sing such trash as that?" And poor Bill is done for! Our discomfited rag-time artist turns over the music dejectedly and presently poor St. Paul is dragged forth from a state of innocuous desuetude and the bassos growl and the sopranos shriek, "Stone Him to death! Stone Him to death!" And the cause of this fearful murder clasps her hands and rapturously exclaims: "Bee-you-tiful! St. Paul is the most inspiring of all oratorios to me!"

He it is, who, catching you sneaking off with a book under your arm, hauls it forth and surveys its title with disgusted eyes.

"Good Heavens!" says the Superior Person. "Do you waste your time on such truck? Read Kipling or James. James is the man!" And when you weakly protest that you like quiet stories of country life and that James is so intellectual that he is not intelligible since you do not understand the dash language, he frowns on you.

"Cultivate him," he advises, grandly.

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"He's like Browning. It takes time to understand him but the result is well worth waiting for. Cultivate him and you cultivate yourself!"

Dazedly you wonder, as you make a joyous escape, on the advisability of cultivating vagueness. Somehow, in business and in books, you have a vulgar taste for conciseness of action and thought. Also, you ponder thoughtfully on the glimpse of a certain yellow-covered book protruding from the pocket of your friend, the Superior Person, and you wonder whether he has the courage of his convictions or merely the courage of his egoism.

Sometimes, the Superior Person has a sporting tendency. He gives you a tip on the market with ineffable condescension. You hesitate—and then that good, common sense which has won you your house on the avenue comes to your aid. You do not buy copper. You sell. And your unholy joy when the Superior Person goes under is unchristian but natural.

The Superior Person has a wife. She goes shopping with your wife. The latter lady casts sheep's eyes at a long velvet coat. It is chic—it is smart! She gazes admiringly at the haughty Gibson girl who has condescended to don the coat for her inspection. It is all but sold when the Superior Person's wife gets in her fine work. She gazes disparagingly at the velvet and shakes her head mournfully.

"Really, my dear, do you think it wise to buy a long coat? Extremes, you know, never last and the *canaille* is rushing in frantic haste to buy them. Had you not better wear your Monte Carlo for a while? Then you could afford to get that lovely bronze you wanted!"

The Gibson girl gazes stonily at the squat figure of the Superior Person's wife and quite understands her dislike for the long, clinging coat, but, later on, your wife gazes enviously at the *canaille,* long-coated, and the canaille look contemptuously at your wife's Monte Carlo and murmur scornfully, "Last year's!"

Perhaps your ship comes in. You go abroad and dutifully trail the established path for tourists. You see the Venus and you gasp. What! Is *that* the famous Venus—that big, awkward creature, who, if dressed in modern garb, would resembel a robust *blanchisseuse?* Is that the female form divine over which artists have raved for centuries? Bah! Pooh!! And also, Tish!!! You snort and then the Superior Person comes up. He is pained.

"Is it possible, sir, that you do not appreciate that noble work of art, that matchless perfection of beauty? Look, look at the exquisite curves of the torso!"

You take another look. Your wife, who prides herself on her figure, remarks severely that a straight-front corset would make a *little* improvement.

The Superior Person's hands fly up in holy horror, but that night you perceive his shining bald head in the front row at the Comèdie. You catch the beaming approval in his eyes when the ballet, slim, little gauzy creatures, whirl dizzily toward the foot-lights and your brain reels. For a man who worships the Venus' solid proportions, he shows a strange and paradoxical liking for her slimmer sisters in the flesh. What, oh what, would the worshipful Venus look like in ballet costume and with what elephantine grace would she lumber through the intricacies of the toe dance?

But very early the next morning you hear the stentorian tones of the Superior Person in the corridor near your door. If he fell from grace the night before he is now back in the fold, for he is announcing that he has arisen early to get just one more look at the matchless Venus before departing for Vienna, and you groan as you pull the sheet over your face and wonder if there is any place under Heaven where an inoffensive, average man can find immunity from the exasperating Superior Person!

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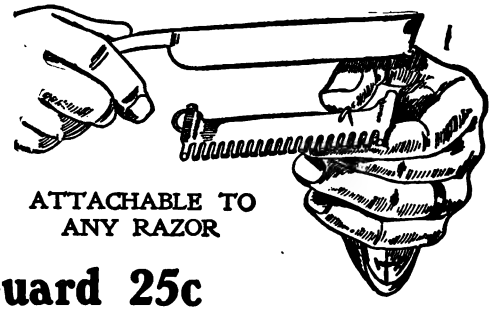

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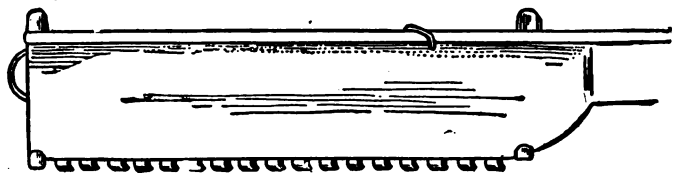

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FORTUNE TELLING WITH CARDS.

A few extracts from this carefully prepared article which appears in the December Broadway Magazine.

Take a deck of fifty-two cards and mark the meaning of each card as given below, with pen and ink on the card, so you can begin to read from the very first. The card to represent the male or female whose fortune is to be told, must be selected first, it being the representative card. If the person has very light hair, blue eyes, light complexion, he would be classified as a Diamond. If an old man, as King of Diamonds; if a young man, as Knave of Diamonds; if a young woman, as Queen of Diamonds.

Blue or gray eyes, light brown hair, will run in Hearts, as King, Queen or Knave. Dark brown hair and blue eyes, will run in Clubs. Black hair, black or brown eyes and dark complexion, will run in Spades.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

HEARTS.

King of Hearts.—Older man, light brown hair, light eyes.
Queen of Hearts.—Lady with light brown hair, blue eyes.
Jack of Hearts.—Young man with light brown hair and blue eyes.
Ace of Hearts.—Letter.
Two of Hearts.—Kiss or handshake
Three of Hearts.—Very pleasant surprise.
Four of Hearts.—Marriage.
Five of Hearts.—A present.
Six of Hearts.—Love.
Seven of Hearts.—Invitation.
Eight of Hearts.—Pleasant surprise
Nine of Hearts.—The wish card.
Ten of Hearts.—Love and marriage

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It might be well to ask the person whose fortune is being told, what date and month he was born and read off a few of their characteristics, according to the STARS.

Persons born from Jan. 18th to Feb. 17th.—Make agreeable companions, good-natured, rarely passionate or quick-tempered, successful among and dealing with people, quiet and dignified.

Persons born between Feb. 17th and March 21st.—Are restless, anxious, affable, kind, honorable and just, get the blues quite often, and should fight against them and seek pleasant company, are found in positions of responsibility and trust.

Persons born between March 21st and April 23rd.—Are natural reasoners and leaders, cannot be forced or driven. Love to excel, love order, elegance and beauty; make good lawyers, teachers, etc.

Persons born between April 23rd and May 23rd.—Have strong likes and dislikes, splendid memory, great physical and mental endurance, apt to be jealous, fond of the opposite sex.

Persons born between May 23rd and June 22nd.—Are very restless, never satisfied, changeable, impetuous, sociable, adjusted to the times.

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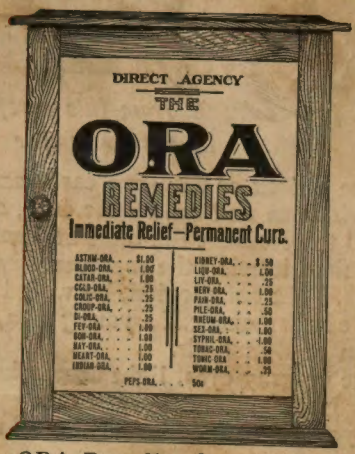

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